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AN ARTS PAPER

1318 35th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20007, (202)965-9650



Volume IV, Number 4

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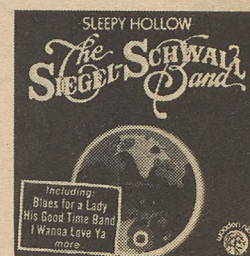
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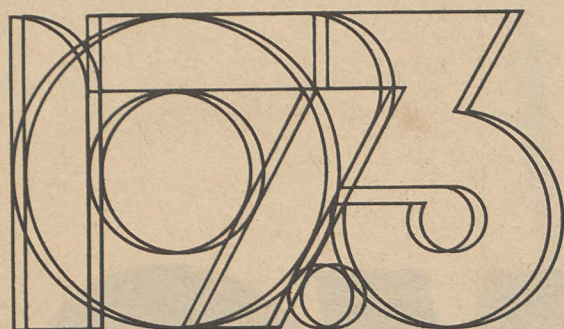
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Gordontown: 1905

By TERRY ALFORD

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The book I've got here is called Mountain Afire by the famous writer Lawson Hall. This has the complete story of it of the whole thing, it's fair to both sides, and the thing is laid out so clear there's no question about who was in the wrong.

I know that because I met Lawson Hall at Gordontown, California, in December, 1905. I was twelve years old at the time, and I saw him a dozen times after that. He was terrible intimate with us, our family — and my father in particular. My father was one of the leaders down at the mine then, and Lawson Hall had come to Gordontown with the workingmen's group which had aimed at improving safety and the way the owners ran things there.

Now I called Lawson Hall Mr. Hall as I was right young then, I wasn't in the mines at that time, but was supplemental to my family's keep by picking lettuce and this and that. It was Mr. Hall who used my father whose real name was Buell for the part of Martin in Mountain Afire.

If you remember your history you'll know that there was a lot of trouble resulting from the poor wage and the bad condition at the mine. Gas, flushface, blacklung, itcheye, moon-eye, miners-ears, caveins, everybody said that was just part of the job and you got used to it like a farmer gets used to working in the rain. Well, Mr. Hall and the others — Colonel Miller from the San Francisco paper, Mrs. Drake from Seattle and some others — wanted to change a lot of this, and my father, who knew mines all his life from having worked them, believed in what they had to say whole hog.

When he took up their preaching at the mine, he got fired after a while, and beat up once when he wouldn't stop after that. He and Mr. Hall formed a committee, and meetings went on anyway.

That next spring is the one you hear everyone talking about when they say the trouble. One Monday night there was an awful explosion at the mine. It shook me and my brother Willard plumb out of the bed where we was sleeping, tho' our house was a quarter mile from the shaft openings. It was such a bad explosion the ground jumped up and when it come down a mile of tunnel underneath it collapsed. 46 men, the entire night shift, was completely lost. My Uncle Ralph Tompson was one of them.

Everybody ran quick to the mine. I remember it was a terrible rain that night, and they had torches, there was clouds of dust and smoke and people screaming and crying, and others shouting do this grab that. It was equal to the worst thing you had seen. What made it the worstest, however, was when the elevator first come back up with the rescue team, and as soon as everybody saw their faces, which looked grim as in death, you never heard a like to the crying and moaning that ran all through the yard, for wives and loved ones could have no doubt all was lost.

The next morning the sheriff and eight deputies come to our house. It turned out they was there to arrest my father for causing the explosion. They figured it was the natural fruit of his troublemaking, and they were very rough the way they broke into our house before daylight. When he heard what they want, I never seen a man get so mad and since my father was big and being a workman all his life strong, too, he looked like a giant shaking mad at the lies they said against him. If it hadn't been for mother being there, and my sisters and me — he still reckoned me but a child — I think he would have fought them all right there, tho' they would have killed him and some of them would have enjoyed it too.

They took him to jail, where they already had Mr. Hall. The charges was putting dynamite in No. 11 shaft and killing the men. Now if there had been a grain of truth to those lies, there would have been a mob outside digging up the street to get at them. As it was, everybody outside was hollering to let them out, as nobody but the owners and the sheriff seemed to believe that a man who worked mines all his life would do such a low thing. As my Uncle Ralph Tompson had been blowed to smithereens, you would have to be stupid as an idiot to think a man would kill his own brother just to cause trouble.

On Tuesday after this a commission sent by the governor — who was getting hot walking from Colonel Miller's paper back in San Fran — got to Gordontown to take a look-see. After 2 days of poking and digging in the shaft they come out with the best news we could hear. There wasn't no dynamite down there and there never had been — that finished one group of liars right there — the whole thing was caused from bad electricity connection on the pumps that started a fire and that caused the explosion. It was another case of bad treatment by the owners, but especial serious as so many good men had died.

Right away they let my father and Mr. Hall go, and that night they held what was the biggest miner meeting they ever had. Every miner was there except four who was sick or cowards. The bad feeling was running high, and the room was full of cursing and carrying-on like the worst novel you read. Father told us to stay home, as he feared trouble. But I would have none of the peaceable life at age 12 and figured myself big enough at the least to listen outside the door.

As I recollect, Mr. Hall did most of the talking. He had a way with words, always picking just the right ones as you would if you was a famous orator, and he put them together perfect, which is the art of the mind. All I can say is the speech wasn't long. If you was going to lock me up in jail with Typhoid Annie, I couldn't tell you any more than this, namely: all I remember is the last sentence, where Mr. Hall shouted that now the jail was empty of honest men, let's fill it up with crooks!

There was a great hurrah, all the doors busted open, and me and Willard got off to the side, as here they came, mad and grim-looking, altogether maybe 200 or maybe more. In the rush I didn't see my father, as a matter of fact, I remember everything clear but the faces of all was like blurs, everything happening so fast. As they took off down the hill toward the Central Shaft, where the owners' office was, they was walking so swift-like we had to run to keep up with them.

It was about half a mile distance, and all along the way people was picking up rocks and barrel staves, survey stakes, anything that would fit your hand and give you a little punch power. I was as scared as I've ever been before or since, and as the crowd with us behind them went by our house, I thought about my mother, and then about my father up at the front, and I began to pray that God would give me strength to go through with this and that none of us would get hurt. As we was getting nearer, a lot of the talking died down and all you could hear was a crunching of your boots on the gravel. There was occasional cursing and great white clouds rose above our heads as our breath frosted up. Willard seemed to be half-panting and half-crying, and I reckon there was some older ones than him about doing the same thing, but no one minded then as this was dead serious business and everybody knew it. We both got staves too, and tho' we was at the back of the crowd, getting the shakes and it wasn't

from the cold, we wasn't about to fall back either.

As the facts were, the owners must have known all about the meeting, for when we came over the little hill right before you reach the Central, there was a powerful sight. The owners had four rows of the private police brought in from St. Louis all across in front of the office buildings. They had been living camped out from town a few miles since the trouble started two months back, but they hadn't been brought in before, and until now were scarce to find.

Altogether there must have been about as many of them as there were of us, with the powerful difference that they each had side-arms as well as clubs, where with us there was only maybe twenty pistols in pockets here and there.

Out front of their lines, which closed up tight on the sight of us, was old Major Duke, who they tell all them Civil War stories about. He must have been near 80 at this time, but as stout-looking a fellow as you would want to meet as your best friend in daylight. Seeing him at night, a head taller than anybody around him, looking like he had sure enough killed everybody they said he did, and backed up by a mob of the meanest-looking ex-cons and cut-throats, I'm still surprised we didn't all break and run for home at the sight of them. Myself, I heard a strange noise come out of my human plumb, and I was afraid my body was going to betray my spirit on the mouth end or down at the other one, but for some reason, it didn't. I later decided whatever it was down there had been too scared to move. The only thing that held my legs in place was a slim hope that we looked as awful to them as they did to me.

Everybody else must have felt the same, but they walked on down the little hill and right up 'til the men were 10 foot from each other. If the hill hadn't been there, I would have seen nothing as I could seldom see over the heads in front of me. Now I was inclined, and had perfect view.

What worried me even more than my own hide was my father, who I could see down in front there by Mr. Hall. As a fact, father and Mr. Hall were standing buttons to buttons with Major Duke in powerful heated conversation.

Their palaver went on about as long as it would take you to strike a match. Major Duke hollared for his men to advance up and move us out of the yard, which was the owners' property, and as they advanced cautious like, my father threw body and soul into one of the hardest licks I've ever seen one man pass to another. It caught the Major at the side of his head, and sent that old giant backward in a drunk dance.

That was the spark in the blockhouse. Mr. Hall, seeing this event, shouted "Now!" and everyone closed ranks with the enemy and serious battle begun. Before I had time to swallow, there was clubs raising and falling, there was grabbing, gouging and cursing and the unholy unnatural sounds heard in such life-and-death times.

As the ranks beat at each other, I could see no sight of my father who is swallowed up in the fighting. But before I could worry about that, I had something else to fret me. I had not paid attention to it, but there was people behind me as well as before, and we was getting pressed tight together like logs in a jam. Well, before I knew it, me and Willard was being picked up off our feet and carried to the front by the motion of the crowd which was as rocky and violent as the seas. I thanked God I had picked up a stove, and as it is more blessed to give than receive, I knew if I got close enough to hit one of the cut-throats I was going to give aplenty. True I was scared, but if I hung back at all now it was my worry about Willard, who was a year older than me but very dumb for his age, which way he had been since birth.

All of a sudden the cement holding me and my neighbor sardines in a tie gave way, and everybody got a little elbow room I saw Willard beside me, he looked tall and fierce but I was afraid to look in his face as I did not want to show my fear.

It was only a second 'til the moment of truth arrived. There was some shoving, which almost knocked me over, and when I got up, there were four of the enemy running right towards us. There was murder in their eye if I have ever seen it, and I thought at the time they are probably going straight for me as I am smaller and easier than the rest.

Right then, Mr. Wilson, who was our friend and always over to our house, stepped in between us and them and grabbed two of them with his arms and tried to push them down. It was a brave act, the rival of which I know not, but I could have no doubt as to his fate. The other two of the enemy commenced hitting him about the head and back and soon I saw his big arms relax and fall away, tho' it it appeared he had hurt one of his catch seriously.

All of this was happening in less time than it takes to tell it. When me and Willard saw it, we quick-stepped toward the scene with our hearts set on getting them off him. Willard

plumb surprised me in how fast he got to Mr. Wilson and commenced a storm of blows on the nearest cut-throat. I remember thinking all his practice chopping wood is coming-in handy.

Chance picked out for me to tangle with a tall one with a red face and ears. Just before I jumped on him, he turned his head to look at me and I thought he looked tickled at the idea that a little tapper like me was going to get engaged in this grown-up business. But, on account of my running start, I soon changed his mind as I knocked him down with my body, tho' he was twice my weight.

As I rolled with him, we hit the wet ground, him on some rocks which I was thankful for, as each little bit helps. But that wet ground must have woke him up like it did me, for he was on me in a flash and furious to boot. I could see where his shirt was tore some from the rocks, but of blood, which I was determined to unloose from him, there was none to be seen. He had the same idea of getting some from me, and as his full self come down on me I knew I had no more chance of throwing him off my top than I would of throwing a coal car. His proposal was to choke me at my throat, along which route he progressed to my pain, when Willard appeared above his shoulder, in his hands a stove which he brought down with such force as would have split a hickory stump. This evil-smelling devil fell flat out on me, beyond the chance of doing further crime for a while.

I pushed him over with a shout, and got up, though awful unsteady. Mr. Wilson was alive I saw, but looked weak and was holding his head which was bloody. Of the four cut-throats who rushed us, three was still as in sleep and the fourth Willard was cording up for the fireplace. It was a marvel to see how he took to this.

Before I had a chance to feel pleased about the turn of things, I saw two other of the enemy come our way. They was more interested in Willard than me, and closed at him. I picked up a club from the ground, of a mind to keep going until a halt was called and they all surrendered. I had yet to hit with the club, and having a natural streak to be fair, didn't know if I could do it from behind. Yet, as there was no time to get to their front, as Willard was sore oppressed by their numbers, I had no other way.

I drew my arm back like you would to throw a ball and brought home a good crack on a greasy black head. My target got stiff, then sagged to the ground as if he had no bones in his body. His partner in this dirty business turned right around, and fixed on me with a look that started me to shaking all over again. I swung, but my surprise was gone and my lick only took him on the jaw, which gave him more anger than pain. Blood came to his mouth, but he spit it out like tobacco, which showed me this guy was as hard as a new nail. His weapon was an ax handle, but if there would have been a broad ax blade on it I could not have been more afeared. This man was scarce a cut above a common murderer.

I begun to back up, my only hope being I was small and fast and maybe able to dodge this rat-face. Near my left was the body of the crazy choker which Willard had knocked out. Then it came to me: He had a Colt, and if I could get my hands on it, that would change things around just right.

I went on back slow, not go give my plans away, and mule-meat was right with me and closing. Everything was going perfect, then I heard a whistling sound which said: He's delivering the goods right at your head. Sure enough, the lick caught me right on the ear and my head felt like the blade was on that ax and my head was being cut in half. It was a pain the equal of which can be caused only by the Devil in Hell, and sent everything spinning around me. I tried to stay up, but had no more say about where I was going than a small rock in a landslide. I felt myself falling, and on my way down I saw men fighting everywhere, but as for hitting the ground, I remember none of it.

* * * * *

It was the next day when I rejoined the world of living flesh. The sun was bright, and as soon as I knew who I was, I realized I was at the house and that the criminals hadn't killed me after all. My whole head was swoll up, my jaw as stiff as a rusty lock, my throat was as sore as it ever had been, and my adam's apple was out of line to the left. I later found out I had a pretty good list of other ailments which had to be moved to show but then the room was full of folks telling me not to move my head, not to talk, and to hold still.

Mother and Willard was among them, but my father was not and this greatly bothered me. I wanted to ask about him, but my mouth wasn't working so I just made groans. Willard was sitting on the bed, and if there was a bruise on him, I couldn't see it. As a fact he looked better now than he normal did. He must have felt my wonderment, and told me father was alright, and sure enough he was,

Continued on Page 20

PERFORMANCE

THE RAPISTS

Washington Theatre Club

By Jay Alan Quantrill

Playwrights are a very delicate commodity. So are play directors. They are working in an atmosphere that is fraught with dilemma, enigma, doubt, and confusion. They are together looking for the solution to a problem that is new, never having been surmounted. Even with a classic the problems are new, for the cast, the theatre, and all the other variables are different than they were when the play was last produced. They are both called upon to create from their experiences, opening their hearts and souls to the audience from which they ask nothing more than a sympathetic ear, and a willingness to be entertained. Yet they are ruthlessly judged, surely because they claim to have brought the truth to everyone, and if there is a hint of dishonesty, then all fails. They deserve the most precious consideration and the strictest of accounting.

The Washington Theatre Club's second work of the season is a new play by a young playwright, which has been directed by a young director whose experience is somewhat limited. The play is called *THE RAPISTS* and concerns the price a family must pay to stay alive in a concentration camp in Germany of 1943, and its subsequent effect in 1945. Actually, what the playwright is really discussing is the need for people to be loved for what they are, and not for what is made of them or for what they must appear. To this extent, playwright Dennis Turner is dishonest. But his dishonesty is a crime against himself, for the audience can see the truth. The director, Stephen Book, displays not so much a dishonesty as a frustration with the means to accomplish what the director intends. . . most probably because the playwright has been devious. Had the playwright wrote the play about wanting love the whole thing would have worked differently. From the audience's point of view, I think confusion is the overwhelming reaction. Confusion as to the why of the play. And also confusion as to the believability of the characters. Many of the actors are dreadfully unconvincing, some of this being the result of the playwright's unwitting dishonesty and the director's frustration. Some of it is due to the actors, themselves. Far and away the most effective performance is that of Louis Edmonds, who portrays a homosexual concentration camp commander of the Third Reich. However, as with a few of the other actors, he seems out of place. His British intonations lend a quality to the performance that jars the ear. Much of the staging is silly, much of the writing is mere dramatic rationalization on the part of the playwright.

I must admit that the homosexual aspect of the play is handled with taste and discretion and is not offensive in the least. And then, the most effective moments of the play come in the last five minutes, when the playwright says what he really has been wanting to say all along. Through two straggling acts, obvious symbolisms, obliqueness in the place of suspense, the playwright reaches his moment of truth as he concludes this work and writes a very effective scene between the hero and his mother.

It's an interesting project to deal with; it may even afford an evening of diverting theatre crafts. . . but I cannot recommend it as a successful production. *THE RAPISTS* runs for five weeks, thru the first part of December.

THE HOSTAGE

Arena Stage

J.A.Q.

Brendan Behan is one of those wild-man poets that the Irish are so famous for, actually a poet playwright, which is why I'm speaking about him now. He is, rather he was, for he died in the Sixties, he was a man who viewed life as something not to be organized or processed or even too well thought out, but merely, extravagantly lived, caused and experienced. Easily his most popular play is *THE HOSTAGE*, which the Arena Stage has for the second time brought forth for Washington audiences. This is a particularly appropriate time for this work, and it is being given many productions this year in the U.S. The current situation in Ireland has brought this play to mind any number of times, as it deals with the Irish-English military/political problems. But more important it deals with the Irish character, or characters I should say. *THE HOSTAGE* contains one of every kind

of person you can imagine that would be interesting on the stage. Playwright Behan had a good sense of theatre for characters, or rather a good sense of character for theatre. Anyway, he has filled *THE HOSTAGE* with an abundance of characters and set about drawing them with robust details. It is a play that contains and displays the rightest of humor, the sharpest wit, the most joyful capacity for life that we've seen for, oh, so long. There are funny, sad, and sentimental songs; dances and general musical hall revelry abounds. Wise cracks born of the wisdom of those who recognize the ironies of the universe, and the eccentricities of those who sense the magic of life. . . these are the ingredients of Behan's script. It's a shame he didn't write a tighter script. One that could consistently hold an audience's attention. The tone of the piece would seem to fit better in a nightclub or dinner theatre, where the audience is free to join in as they are often called upon to do from the actors on the stage. It's the kind of play that requires an almost beer-hall environment, because it calls for comments, and reactions, which an audience in the setting of a theatre, no matter how intimate, does not feel free to do much more than occasionally join in on a chorus, and not often that.

The current production, instead of taking tack that would demonstrate the play's relevancy, instead of using Behan's Music Hall tactics to the purpose not of making a point

at times a bit overdone. The acting was generally good, with occasional moments worth remembering usually involving a disarmingly delightful actress named Dianne Wiest, who plays the simple serious young Irish girl who falls in love with the hostage.

If it weren't for the numerous changes in performing style: from camp to romance to melodrama, etc., and the disturbing references to current politics, then only Brendan Behan's lack of organization would mar the thorough enjoyment of the Arena Stage Kreeger Theatre production of *THE HOSTAGE*. But for all these problems, it is richly diverting and worth your time.

DON JUAN IN HELL

National Theatre

J.A.Q.

George Bernard Shaw is probably best known as the writer who gave us the play *PYGMALION* upon which Lerner and Lowe worked a certain magic called *MY FAIR LADY*. But he was really worth more than that. He was an outspoken sociologist who used the theatre to his purpose and composed some of the wittiest, sharpest, most thoughtful dialogue ever heard on the English stage. He is considered a peer of Shakespeare in his own way, and the Canadians have even instigated a successful Shaw Festival like the Shakespeare Festivals that ring the globe. One of Shaw's most thoughtful pieces of writing is one act from a very long four act play called *MAN AND SUPERMAN*. Pity is, that the one act which is the third, is cut from the rare productions of the play and so the third act of *MAN AND SUPERMAN* must usually be read to be known.

But for the second time in this country this long act is now being presented as a staged reading. . . which best serves its pur-



Leslie Cass and Robert Prosky in a bawdy boardinghouse scene from *THE HOSTAGE*.

of one side or another, but merely for the making of a point that the play represents not merely a period but a situation which we can now see repeats itself. Instead of this, Norman Gevanthor gives us merely a reading, which seems to want nothing more than to entertain. This the author would applaud except that Behan felt you should be doing something while all this was going on, and in Arena's production, nothing else seems to go on. The story of the young hostage taken for the purpose of reprisals seems nothing more than a casual part of the whole, rather than setting the whole thing in relief which is, I think, what Behan had in mind. And the topical changes in the script, are little less *THANA*

than a serious error in judgement. When the main character of a play announces the date of its occurrence clearly in the opening moments as being 1958 and current 1972 politics are constantly inserted, no reasoning such as the various levels on which the play is purported to work can wipe out the error. And I feel the audience reacted quite coolly to these asides.

Physically, the production is magnificent. . . the setting is richly conceived, if a bit overwhelming, the lighting sensitive, though

poses. As a separate work it is called *DON JUAN IN HELL*. The current production just opened at the National Theatre for three weeks, and if you are looking for an evening of verbal wit and intelligent consideration rush to see it! The cast is small but more power packed than most shows playing this town. Edward Mulhare is on stage as the devil. . . a considerably different character than Arthur Miller brought us in his *THE CREATION OF THE WORLD*, and yet Shaw's Lucifer is more assured and better equipped to handle his end of the argument. Paul Henried plays the Commander, the Hadian remains of a Spanish military man who represents Shaw's view of man living only for the sake of being alive without questions or reasons. Ricardo Montalban has the plum role, though Mulhare's Lucifer has the plum speech, and plays Don Juan with more fire, more conviction, and more artistry than Mr. Montalban's previous career would give us to expect. He is an actor worthy of better roles than he has had, and with this one, he proves that his talent may yet be fully tested. The fourth member of the cast is the only one who played in the first staged reading with Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, she is Agnes Moorehead, one of America's most

distinguished actresses. In this *DON JUAN IN HELL*, she proves herself worthy of such praise. She is still attractive, captivating, and quite accomplished.

The whole show abounds in competence and experience and wisdom. The cast is virtually faultless, the setting is left to your imagination. . . as is Hell, I think Shaw would agree. . . and the script has everything the players need. But another pity is that there is too much of Shaw's good things, and the tendency is to drown the audience in the relativity of his truisms. I am not suggesting that the script be cut — how could you select which part is to go and which to stay? It must only be borne in mind that you will find moments when the words go on and on. Suffer through the writer's lack of discipline: his brilliance is more than sufficient reward.

Take the time to see this production. You may not have the chance again. It is easily the most intelligent production we've seen in this town in a long time. And when you consider that this work was written at the turn of the century, or just beyond, its relevance to today's problems of war, overpopulation, women's rights, and practically everything is astounding. The man was a prophet in clown's costume. And *DON JUAN IN HELL* is a charade of monumental proportions.

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES

Eisenhower Theater; Kennedy Center

J.A.Q.

Julius Novick recently remarked in a review of Broadway's current light comedy hit *GROOM RIV VU*, that the fluffy, light comedies which used to be a commercial theatre staple were a disappearing breed. As true as this is, England seems to be accommodating a number of late entries into the class and the stakes, while not very high, are at least witty, beguiling, and altogether rather successful. I'm referring to William Douglas Home's new breezy farce *THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES*, which has just opened at the Eisenhower Theatre of the Kennedy Center.

To dismiss the plot as trite might be accurate, but certainly not very cricket. So here goes: the Jockey Club is a collection of well-to-do horse owners who appoint themselves to the position of overseers of turf ethics; when they are implicated in some shenanigans, it's stiff upper lip, British honor and comradery saves the day. The twists are not so much twists as banked curves, and the characters are never heavier than a cup of tea; but there is ample amusement, to while away the slightly over two and a quarter hours running time — and, of course, there're Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner to carry the thrusts of Mr. Home's verbal parries. Consummate comedians all, Messrs Hyde-White, Coote, and Sumner are given enough gags and quips and bits of business to fill a stable of such farces and they play them with the confident relish of a trio of winners.

Actually, the *JOCKEY CLUB STAKES* amounts to the funniest running of the triple crown of comedians you're likely to see, while the race in the form of Mr. Home's script is not really worth the running of its stars who make the most of it, and deliver the prize.

Cyril Ritchard's direction is effective, if a bit stagey; the set is more than attractively adequate; and the lighting works. The performances other than the aforementioned gentlemen, varies, but is for the most part acceptable. Christopher Bernau stands out as the hammiest snob of them all, while Joan Bassie needs more lessons. But the rest carry this amiable piece of British fluff along from one weak plot point to another without a hitch. Buy yourself a ticket to the *JOCKEY CLUB STAKES*, you can hardly lose.

THE FOURSOME

Arena Stage

By John Reap

Arena Stage has been running a warning in their ads for *THE FOURSOME*, advising their potential audience that some of the material might be too "explicit" for their sensibilities. What this means is that there is male nudity and a flash of bare breasts, a very high quotient of four-letter words, and a constant struggle to get laid, at least during the first third of the play. But *THE FOURSOME* is not pornographic by any stretch of the imagination: its subject matter is sex-roles and roleplaying, rather than sex itself. Nonetheless, it seems certain that Arena is going to run into some controversy over the show, and although there were no walk-outs that I noticed, there were a large number of empty seats, a rarity at Arena, and there may have been more empty seats after intermission.

It would be unfortunate if Arena cannot prosper with this play, aside from its merits, for a serious financial setback would almost certainly limit Washington's opportunities to encounter sophisticated adult drama. And

THE *FOURSOME* is quite a good play, certainly the best dramatic treatment of the relationship between the sexes. It is rare to find truth in a theatre, but E.A. Whitehead has written a true play, a play that tells the truth about men and women and the roles they play with one another.

The basic situation is simple: Tim and Harry, two young workers from Liverpool, are spending Sunday at the beach with Marie and Bella, two girls they picked up in a pub the night before, and they want to get laid. It would be too much to say that they despise the girls, but only because they have no interest in them, to the point of making a pact to switch girls at three o'clock. Tim and Harry care only about each other, care only for sharing their experiences and insulating themselves from really encountering the girls, or anything else, on a personal level.

Marie and Bella, although not so well drawn, seem to want to shield themselves from the reality that they are nothing more than cunts to Tim and Harry behind at least a facade of feeling. They try to remain seductive while treating the boys' obvious interest in screwing as a game, or perhaps a metaphor of some "deeper" emotion. Inevitably, they are denounced as "prick-teasers."

It is a measure of Whitehead's talent that these ugly truths about human sexuality are very funny on the stage. We laugh as we see the perhaps unspoken feelings, and too many of the spoken feelings, acted out before us. When Harry, after trying to rape Marie for fifteen minutes, protests, "Don't you trust me?" we laugh not only at the patent absurdity of the question but at the innate duplicity of man on the make. Besides pointing out/up human failings, Whitehead has made his males, particularly Harry, masters of the burlesque, always ready to pounce on an emotion and magnify it to absurd proportions. While this is very funny at times, it also serves to insulate them from feeling anything, and, I think, it is a common form of male-group humor.

And after we're all set up for an evening that will be really just another British sex-farce, although far more truthful and far more "explicit" than most plays in the genre, Whitehead turns the play around as Tim and Harry start getting rough in their sexual frustrations. "Sex and Violence" has become something of a catch-phrase, but I can't think of a play in which the roots of violence are as clearly sexual as they are here. Fortunately, the violence remains minor and has no dire effect, but its sexual nature tinges it with sadism, perhaps another truth about our sexuality, and our violence.

Apparently, Marie and Bella are willing to accept this violence because the mood of the second act is definitely post-coital. While much of the sexual tension of the first act is gone, this may be more revealing of the people behind the (sexual) roles. We learn for instance, that Bella thinks she's "over the hill" at 19, and that she cried all night when she turned 17. Ah, youth! And we find that Harry, self-proclaimed stud, would prefer a simpler, even non-sexual relationship with a woman, while Bella raises a question about his sexual preference, because his gay bit is too good. Unfortunately, Whitehead lets himself carry Bella into the maudlin range as she recalls how she was chosen May Queen for two successive years, only to have Harry undercut it by setting Tim off on a faggot bit. It is very hard for a playwright to keep his characters from falling into self-pity, and this is the only real fault I have with the script.

E.A. Whitehead has certainly written an important play. And he has done it very well, utilizing the possibilities of the stage and only failing once, and then to sentiment. I want to see his next play.

And on to this production. Alan Schneider is simply one of the best American directors. You have no idea how good a job he has done until you look back on a show and realize that there were things in it that owed their existence to the director, as when Marie and Bella drew applause for the way they put on their make-up in the play's penultimate scene. Great praise must also go to Robert U. Taylor for his set, a sandbox for the sexually adult well as a proper wasteland in which Whitehead's "morality play" could assume its true proportions.

The acting was very superior. Munson Hicks, Lynn Ann Leveridge, and Barbara Dana all deserve great praise for their performances, but John Horn was particularly outstanding as Harry. The entire cast managed to cope with their assumed Liverpool accents without discernable effort.

THE *FOURSOME* is not the best play to hit D.C. in the past year, but it is a good play, and it may be the best play ever written on the sexual part of Sexual Politics. Arena Stage has done Washington a service in giving this play its American debut, and it deserves some support.

BREAKAWAY

Corner Theatre - Baltimore

By Perry Schwartz

One of the elements of experimental theatre is new plays and/or new playwrights. This newness, experiment with the untried, can lead to some rather bad evenings in the theatre. It is essential, however, that these new plays and playwrights see their work in production. For that we can thank Corner Theatre. Unfortunately, their current bill of three plays, *THE EXHIBITIONIST* by H. Jones Baker III, *THE IMAGE* by Robert Kaiman, and *CLIMB* by Michael McVeu, fall into the category of experimental failure.

The three plays are all tied together because they all deal with someone attempting to "breakaway" from something. Also, presumably, director Dick Flax thought all three scripts had some merit. *THE EXHIBITIONIST* deals with an exhibitionist and a whore who according to the play come to an understanding of one another and "break-away" from their previous lives to start out anew. Their names turn out to be Adam and Eve. I know that's hard to believe, but it's true. *THE IMAGE* deals with a son of two very strong people who have died and left him with a business to run. He is trying to "break-away" from their influence. They have pre-taped messages to guide him and he doesn't make the break. *CLIMB* deals with two children who "breakaway" from their parents into an unknown world discovered by climbing into a hole and coming out the other side. This doesn't work out too well as the Sister dies trying to climb a ladder to escape the Brother.

None of these three plays present any conflict of any real merit. The exhibitionist and the whore don't really come to understand each other. We are told they do, not shown. The son of the two business tycoons doesn't really exist in conflict with his dead parents because he doesn't really know they are still manipulating him. The conflict between the two children and their Father in the last play, is genuine but it is resolved ten minutes after the play starts and there is still twenty minutes of play left and no significant conflict.

I could believe two characters in the entire evening. That was probably as much the playwrights' fault as the actors. Mort Lubitz as the Father in *CLIMB* was a father angry with his children because they wouldn't fall asleep. Also, I believed Stanley Keyes was nude under his trench coat as the exhibitionist because one time I saw his bare ass. Lillian Bogovich delivered her lines intelligently as the whore but she wasn't a whore any more than I am. And believe me, no one would pay for my body. Bill Bradford and Robin Haran were nowhere near children. Not even a caricature of children.

Corner Theatre has real limitations as a space and director Flax had trouble with it. Technically the sound track in *THE EXHIBITIONIST* worked fairly well. It re-emphasized the naive theme by going from street noise to rural sounds. The lighting to create the world-through-the-hole in *CLIMB* was quite affective.

Corner Theatre must be allowed to have not so good evenings. Plays which rely so much on words must have unique imagery or intelligent, well thought out philosophy or brilliant characterization or something to sustain the audience's interest. These plays were unable to do that most of the evening. I do think the cast will improve as they work with more and larger audiences. So far this season Corner Theatre is one for two. As long as they keep that percentage going, they're doing well. The one success was *AN OTHELLO*. I hope the failures would be a bit shorter. Two of these three plays would have been a long enough evening.

KING RICHARD III

The University of Maryland

P.S.

The question of contemporizing Shakespeare has once again raised its head. This time in the University of Maryland's production of *KING RICHARD III*. Director Ronald T. O'Leary tells us in the program note that he will do away with the limitations of historical style, of "isms" as he calls them. He will "sample" and choose the best from periods, modes and manners which comprise "the eclectic warehouse of the theatre." This production will be a part of the "new omnitheatre" as were *TRICKS*, *GODSPELL* and *PIPPIN*. I must admit my guard went up reading these notes. I would much rather be surprised by the action of the production than be told. There were, undeniably, several aspects of the production one might classify as coming from "the eclectic warehouse of the theatre." Richard had an "alter ego prop man" (that's a direct quote from the program)

PERFORMANCE



Two of *THE FOURSOME*, Lynn Ann Leveridge and John Horn frolic together on a deserted English beach.

who mimed some of his actions and gave him swords, rings and warrants on cue. Slides and films were used sparingly. Puppets were used at one point. Eight follow spots were used in the style of a musical. One scene was reinforced with a hand microphone. The first and third acts (the play was done in three, not five) were played essentially seriously. The second act seemed to be going after every comic aspect conceivable.

In spite of all this style mixture the play seemed essentially a standard approach to Shakespeare. Not one line of the script could have been cut. The production lasted three and one half hours. Thanks to the actors' line rushing, we were spared an additional half hour. The actors were attempting to read meaningful Shakespeare. That may have been the problem. They seemed to be reading more than playing lines and actions and believable characters. Two of the actors, Ionia Zelenka as Queen Elizabeth and Alexander Korff as the Duke of Buckingham got beyond intelligent reading to believable characters.

The emphasis of this play is the title character, King Richard III. The villainous acts he undertakes to achieve the throne and the psychological dilemma created by these acts creates the dramatic conflict. Director O'Leary has chosen to emphasize the melodramatic aspects of the plot. However, for some reason, in the second act, he seems to parody melodrama. Melodrama handled seriously can lead to engrossing escapist entertainment. Handled as parody, it is at best mildly amusing. At worst, as in this production, it is boring. I am certain watching Ralph Glickman work as Richard that he has an understanding of his character. Unfortunately, he has been permitted only to explore Richard at a melodramatic, two dimensional level. His villainous acts are played only for their villainy. As a child playing not very pleasant tricks on others, he watches us, the audience, to make sure we are watching. In the depths of Richard - the character - lay the dramatic conflict of this play. As melodrama, it is rather weakly written, we see better plots on television.

The setting by David Klann is a director's dream, an environmental delight. It is a multi-leveled and stepped, decrepit palace which could be used for a *Tales From the Crypt* script without alteration. Unfortunately, director O'Leary only uses the set to full advantage in portions of the second act. He plays far too many scenes in the downstage 20 feet in front of the set. Had this twenty feet been eliminated, he would have been forced to use the set more. The costumes, by Dennis Stephen Paver, and lighting, by William Miller, were also very effective. Unfortunately, the sound track was horrible. Scratchy records can be overcome by buying new copies before putting them on tape. Also, I have real doubts about the use of live and recorded sound in the same production. This production reinforced those doubts.

The set, lights and costumes worked because the designers chose to make a style statement. This statement in their work was in some respects eclectic but it had a unity as all art must. The directing didn't work because it made the assumption that eclectic means no

style, no unity. When in fact, an eclectic approach needs more awareness of unity than any other style choice available.

By Russell A. Chalker

Several years ago, Bob Moog (rhymes with vogue) invented a new electronic instrument which Walter Carlos soon made famous with his *SWITCHED ON BACH* album. The moog has since become more advanced and more popular. Now anyone with a knowledge of keyboards and enough money to invest wants a moog. While many are working at mastering such a complex instrument, many others have tried to cash in on the relative newness and commercial aspect of this new music. Such a group is the Mike Quatro Jam Band.

They recently demonstrated their lack of talent and their dependence on the instrument's reputation for two shows at Anne Arundel Community College. The Jam Band consists of a below-average high school drummer (Kirk Arthur) and the name-sake on synthesized piano, moog, piano, (a little one handed organ), and naturally the theremin. What else but "Also Spake Zarathustra," (theme for 2001) would such a heavy electronic bore start with?

For their second number they pulled a Walter Carlos and tried a classical piece titled "Rockmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor" that sounds impressive but wasn't. Then Mike attempted to prove that he's a keyboard whizz and boogied on the piano with his own "Detroit City Blues." He only succeeded in giving the audience the blues. Thumping through these numbers and posing was the jam part of the band. The most original thing he did was lose a stick in the audience, which was returned with vengeance.

Comparisons between Keith Emerson and Mike Q. are obvious since they both play the moog and they both perform "Tarkus." The only difference is that Keith's is better and Mike calls "his" song "Paintings." At the Exhibition?

The only difference between the first show and the second is that he had the taste to leave early at the first one. Unfortunately, the second show contained more pretentious, ego-tripletting than before. He did yet another "original" number copped right from King Crimson. Then he tried to out-gauche himself when he came out on stage complete with James Brown cape and Keith Emerson theremin. What ensued was a machinegun battle between theremin and drum that they both unfortunately survived. For a heavy ending, the drummer took two fiery batons and attempted to set his drums and the audience on fire.

All in all, I have to admit that Mike Q. is a good synthesizer. Ever since he left the Lawrence Welk Show he's been "synthesizing" other people's moog/keyboard material into commercial space bubble music that he calls his own.

Wunnerful, Wunnerful.

COUNTERNOTES

TO DO YOUR SHOPPING BY



DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH — John Prine — (Atlantic)

By J.J. Romasco

Hearing John Prine's latest album, *DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH*, is like reading poetry by William Carlos Williams. "No ideas except in things," said the doctor-poet of Paterson, New Jersey, as he went about his writing inbetween seeing patients. "Work the day shift from seven to three," sings Prine, a working shitkicker, "and the only relief that I receive/Is nearer my God to thee." The lines are from the second song on the first side, "The Torch Singer," whose main character is a putdown, emburdened woman singer spilling her sorrows and pain for money, singing "of the woman that she'll never be." The message, beyond the portrait Prine's images present, lies in his sympathy for the undertrod, and his self-reproval, for paying to expose the singer. The two themes course equally through all the songs of the album, but more importantly they are products of emotion, rather than intellectual, therapeutic poses. Most often the latter end up as musical and thematic generalities (and help promote the current rabid thirst for sheer hard rock), while Prine never forgets the poet's first lesson: he interests himself in the particulars, and lets profound universals take care of themselves.

The framework for the album is quite simple. Most likely the songs were recorded in one or two takes, and as a result some tunes sound unpolished. On the whole, however, this serves to furnish an "unproduced" effect, a quality possessed by diamonds in the rough. The top-notch musicianship of Prine himself on acoustic guitar, David Bromberg on acoustic and electric guitar, and mandolin, and Steve Goodman on acoustic and accompanying vocals, is readily apparent, though relatively simple, throughout. Together, the players achieve a back-porch harmony of sorts that gives the album its warm, rainy, country taste, but, combined with the embellished production, leaves the songs forceful, and hard as nails, but as light as diamonds. The treatment from performance to production is forthright, with no attempt to warm up to the listener with soft, deep bass or soft-edged acoustic tones.

The first side begins and ends with humorous songs; the first, "Everybody," is Prine's semi-bow to Jesus as another "friend that's been turned down" who needs somebody to talk to. The opening lines are in a high, nasal whine; you'd swear it was Dylan sitting in. The last cut on the side, "The

Frying Pan," is a goodtime marriage goof — the husband who, finding his wife gone, bemoans that with her went the wondrous way she used to cuss him out. Ha, the small joys of marriage. The songs between these two are not humorous, but are songs of broken souls like the Torch Singer, all written and sung in sympathy and in the raw taste and sight of reality. There is "Souvenirs," a nostalgic look at memories as the only souvenirs worth having, but even they slip away in the light of broken and faded reality. "The Late John Garfield Blues" is life as a bad dream, where "the horses scream/the nightmares dream/and the dead men all wear shoes." This song, along with another on this side, "Billy The Bum" are at opposite points in the spectrum from "Everybody" and "The Frying Pan." The latter are important because no one, especially a bluesman, can take himself so seriously that he cannot laugh at himself. But "Billy" and "Garfield" are permanent reminders of the fight everyone faces against the raw inequities of fate. "Two twisted legs and a childhood disease/left Billy just a bum in his dreams," Prine sings; what matters ultimately is how we react, or fail to react. Thus Prine in the last verse berates hypocritical Christians "in their holy cloaks," who wait for Jesus to come in glory, but never bother to look for glory in the ashes of life.

Side two has basically the same format as side one, commencing with a goodtime "wifey" tune, "yes, I think they oughta name a drink after you..." that takes up where "The Frying Pan" left off, and ending with "Diamonds In The Rough," a salvation army-type ditty, with its further reference to Jesus "says it is enough." On this side the songs in between are sad enough, but two of them, "Take The Star Out Of The Window," and "The Great Compromise" are interspersed with humor so as to present the singer as larger than life, whereas the opposite seems true on side one. "Star" is a Country-Joe-type Vietnam Rag which is superfluous to me. "Compromise," though, is another story of a spent woman, this one cruel, though, the type of woman that can make you love her even when you hate her. Again, the singer is a "victim," not of opposing elements of fate, but of a compromise in values, a love-hate ambivalence born of his loving machismic sympathy. "Clocks And Spoons" is lightly tender with Bromberg's lilting fills, but here, a la James Taylor, Prine's images are more abstract and are, for me, weaker. "Rocky Mountain Time," though, with Bromberg's fine electric picking, is full of pure and impure images like "I'm so mixed up and lonely I can't even make friends with my brain" and "The water tastes funny/when you're far from your home/But it's only the thirsty that hunger to roam," and carries the side through to "Diamonds" worthy indifference and mock faith.

This article was begun with the intention of playing up John Prine as a distinctly American voice in the midst of a cosmopolitan conglomeration of images by contemporary singers. But the fact that Prine is distinctly American, the same way that William Carlos Williams or Allen Ginsberg, or Walt Whitman, are American, is secondary to the fact that his particular images of a broken, emptyhearted, betrayed people are elements of a universal condition that everyone, Ame-

ricans or otherwise, can understand and sympathize with. The value in Prine as poet and singer is thus not in his Americanism, but in the fact that he unflinchingly presents a common, everyday world that a mass of people face and must somehow relate to, empty, faded, or otherwise. We have ourselves, he sings, to blame, and ourselves to share. No pats on the back, no ideas but in living.

NERVOUS ON THE ROAD — Brinsley Schwarz — (United Artists)

By Bruce Rosenstein

Playing Brinsley Schwarz's new album is like receiving a long, good news-filled letter from an old friend; the kind you read over and over and keep finding new things in.

After nearly wearing out the grooves in their first three albums, *BRINSLEY SCHWARZ, DESPITE IT ALL*, and *SILVER PISTOL*, and now listening to *NERVOUS ON THE ROAD*, I certainly feel that Brinsley Schwarz are friends of mine, though I've never met them. It's undoubtedly because they are such a friendly sounding band. You just can't listen to songs like "Surrender To The Rhythm," "Feel A Little Funky," or "Happy Doing What We're Doing" and not break out all smiles and stay that way. The band's songwriter, bassist Nick Lowe, writes songs to you and not at you; he gives a little free advice here and there, (though he cautions on "Happy Doing What We're Doing," "Man, I ain't no guru!") and makes nice little lyrical puns ("around midnight/they decided to call it a day.") On "Feel A Little Funky" he gives a lesson in the fine art of boogieing tellin' you "don't worry about those neighbors, they don't worry about you."

One of the central reasons that Brinsley Schwarz is one of the best bands around these days is that there are so few bands like them. How many bands can you think of that have been together for nearly four years with only one personnel change, that of adding one member? Brinsley Schwarz live communally in the British countryside, and besides sounding like they enjoy their audiences, they sound above all like they extremely enjoy playing with each other. It's obviously the theme of the bouncy, joyous "Happy Doing What We're Doing," and you listen and know every word is true. They are the type of band who I'm sure you could go see live quite often and enjoy each time; the kind of band that works best to smaller crowds, such as those found in parks and small clubs, as opposed to large halls or stadiums (perish the thought). Brinsley has the reputation in Britain of being a "community" band, and like a couple of American community bands that come to mind, most of their music is built around the quest for a good time and a lot of warmth and deep feeling.

As far as their style goes, it has continued to evolve. They have gone from the myriad hard and soft rock styles of the first album, to the all-out country and western style with a smattering of rock on *DESPITE IT ALL*, to the country rock of *SILVER PISTOL*, and now in *NERVOUS ON THE ROAD* they have assimilated country into the style without it showing overtly and have come up with a first rate rock 'n' roll album. It is the kind of seemingly effortless music that so many strive for and few come near achieving.

The new album is structured much like its predecessor, with a couple of up-tempo numbers opening things followed by ballads on each side. *NERVOUS ON THE ROAD* opens with Ian Goom's only songwriting contribution, (he wrote several on *SILVER PISTOL*, his first album with the band), "It's Been So Long," which draws heavily on a song from *DESPITE IT ALL*, "Funk Angel," a great song to begin with. That was dominated by a saxophone, the only time they've used that instrument, and now in control is the continually unbelievable piano work of Bob Andrews. In fact, Brinsley is one of the few bands who give such prominence in nearly every one of their songs to keyboards, and they can do so without worry with someone as phenomenal as Andrews. His penetrating organ playing on "Surrender To The Rhythm" makes you do just that, just as his coaxing electric piano on "Feel A Little Funky" makes you quite willingly surrender. After "Happy Doing What We're Doing," with its bouncing organ and choppy guitar work, comes the first of the two ballads, "Don't Lose Your Grip On Love," and this is certainly an area of strength of the band. After "Surrender To The Rhythm" they close out side one in rocking style with "Nervous On The Road (But Can't Stay At Home)," with its Sun-Records guitar style that pops up again on side two in their blistering version of "Home In My Hand," which is as good as Cody's although I haven't heard the original by Ronnie Self.

After "Feel A Little Funky" opens side two, they launch into a wonderful version of Chris Kenner's "I Like It Like That," with great vocals by the whole band and continued

piano wizardry from Andrews. Lowe's other ballad is next, "Brand New You, Brand New Me," and it's every bit as sweet as "Don't Lose Your Grip On Love." The album also closes on a rocking note, with "Why, Why, Why, Why, Why," a Lowe original with a distinct 'Fifties feel.

I hope that Brinsley gets around to touring the States soon, 'cause I'm getting mighty impatient, and I know I won't be disappointed. In the meantime, you can make friends with Brinsley Schwarz just as easily. It's all in the albums, for everyone to enjoy.

IN SEARCH OF AMELIA EARHART — Plainsong — (Elektra)

Plainsong contains vocalist Ian Matthews, which is reason enough to focus attention on the band. Ian has, for the time being, foregone his solo career, which produced one excellent and one so-so album, and has joined up with friends Andy Roberts, Dave Richards and Bob Richards and Bob Ronga for Plainsong, and they are good.

Matthews is one of the few vocalists who make a song worthwhile just by the fact that they are singing it. There are so many songs which are good despite the lead singer but with Ian it is often the other way around. But the material here is quite good, which makes his voice all the more enjoyable, when put to a song like "Call The Tune" and "For The Second Time."

Plainsong represents an important step for Matthews. He has gone from a British folk music band, Fairport Convention, to his own predominately country and western band, Matthew's Southern Comfort, to an acoustic singer-songwriter stage, to this band, which is a folk music band, in a very broad way. They have synthesized many folk musics into their sound to come up with one general sound. There is gospel, "I'll Fly Away"; country and western, Paul Siebel's "Louise"; American folk music, "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight"; good 'ole American highway music, "Diesel On My Tail"; and some wonderful ballads, like "Call The Tune" and "For The Second Time," both written by Matthews.

Something which Matthews is quite good at is not only writing fine original material, put picking good obscure and semi-obscure material by other songwriters. Besides "Louise" there is "Raider" by Jerry Yester and Judy Henske, and a couple of fine songs sung by Andy Roberts, "Yo Yo Man" and "Diesel On My Tail," both of whose songwriters are unfamiliar to me. The latter is hilarious, about an unfortunate duel between a "little foreign car and a big old diesel." I don't think you can get more vivid lines than "I can hear St. Peter calling/I can almost smell the flowers/ can this compact take the impact, there's a diesel on my tail."

Even better than "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight" is Ian's own song on the subject, "True Story Of Amelia Earhart." And even better than that is the "Call The Tune," reminding us "If you're gonna try you got to face the music, if you wanna dance you got to call the tune." "Raider" closes things out nicely, as Dando Shaft's Martin Jenkins gives the song some well placed, well played fiddle and Ian's vocal brings everything home as usual.

Plainsong is a must for anyone interested in Ian Matthew's career, but it's also not to be passed by by anyone into folk music at all.

B.R.

SMOKIN' O.P.'S — Bob Seeger — (Palladium)
ON OUR WAY — Teegarden and Van Winkle
with Bruce — (Westbound)

More than any other American city with the exception of San Francisco, the most solid area for the development of rock bands over the past four years has been Detroit.

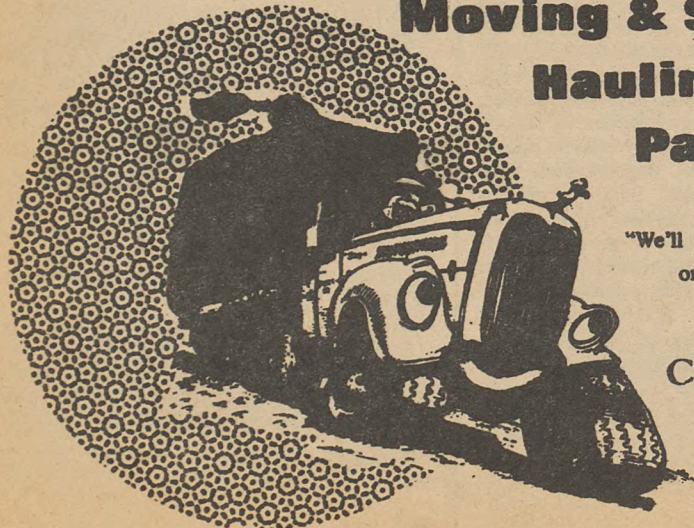
Originally the haven for MC-5 and the Stooges, both of whom have recently relocated in England, Detroit has also spawned the likes of Brownsville Station, SRC, Frijid Pink, Mitch Ryder and Detroit, Frost, to some extent Commander Cody, and Bob Seeger and Teegarden and Van Winkle. The latter moved to Detroit a few years back from Oklahoma, but Seeger, along with Ryder, was a founding father of the Motor City hard rock scene, and in many ways has been its most important and influential figure.

He has been called the John Fogarty of the Midwest and the comparison is probably valid. He's done a number of albums for Capitol since 1968 but for some reason, probably uneven promotion, his records have only sold well in scattered areas outside of Detroit, Washington being one. The closest he came to a big national hit was a typically growling Seeger hard rock song, "Rambling Gambling Man," in 1968. Before that, in 1966, he gave a name to an emerging musical form in one of his early singles, "Heavy Music". And basically that's what Seeger has played for the past four years. He's split from Capitol and Warner Brothers has taken over distribution of *SMOKIN' O.P.'S*, so maybe his time for national recognition is soon to come.

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In 1971, Seeger disbanded his three-man group, the Bob Seeger System, and joined forces temporarily with David Teegarden and Skip (Van Winkle) Knappe, who had just hit with "God, Love, and Rock & Roll," to form a unit called STV. I don't know how long that performing aggregation lasted, but Teegarden and Van Winkle figure prominently in Seeger's latest album, Bob shows up on a few cuts on T&V's newest, and both LP's share a common guitarist, Michael Bruce.

Teegarden and Van Winkle's influence is quite heavy on SMOKIN' O.P.'S; the album is less dominated by guitar than earlier Seeger playing. Seeger had formerly done most of his own keyboard playing, but here plays piano on only one song, but still does all lead vocals. The playing and spirit is quite vibrant and catchy throughout, and Seeger's voice is as husky and appealing as ever. If there is a problem, it lies in the material chosen. Most of the material belongs to other people, and it seems that we could do without another version "If I Were A Carpenter," or "Hummin' Bird." There are only two originals here, and one is "Heavy Music." The other is a horrendously embarrassing ballad called "Someday." The best performances come on their wild version of "Bo Diddley," with "Who Do You Love" tossed in at the end for good measure, which along with Chuck Berry's "Let It Rock," give lead guitarist Bruce ample opportunities to rock out. They give us particularly good versions of "Turn On Your Love Light," and "Love The One You're With," both featuring Knappe on organ, the latter song containing fine vocals from Pam Todd and Crystal Jenkins.

ON OUR WAY is less hard rock and more of the solid, funky Oklahoma rock that Teegarden and Van Winkle are noted for, played with the kind of spirit that Leon Russell, fellow Oklahoman, used to show. The music is mainly centered around Knappe's keyboard playing, and his piano opens the album in fine fashion on one of their best tunes, "Carry On (With You)." The same formula is used on "Ain't Love Grand." "Stoned On The Love For Jesus" is openly noted here as "follow-up" to "God, Love and Rock & Roll." The hardest rock song is quite hard indeed, as Mike Bruce dominates Don Nix's (did he really write that?) "Going Down," which most people associate with Jeff Beck. Teegarden gives it a good vocal and the song is worthy of Seeger or any other hard rock album. But mainly the songs on ON OUR WAY are based around the easy rocking of Skip Knappe's piano and organ. This album proves these guys weren't one-hit-wonders.

It would probably be a good idea for Seeger and Teegarden and Van Winkle to do a national tour together; they seem to work well in each other's company and they are certainly deserving of any success they get.

B.R.

XMAS - The Spot

By Michael Hogan

Each year, with a regularity that would inspire the aged, the recording industry takes a deep breath, grits its teeth, grunts softly in restrained anticipation (of record sales figures) and drops a mighty load of assorted 12-inchers on a still yet un-Santa Clause-trophobic public. For the unprepared buyer the question of what to give who is somewhat akin to a confrontation with your average basic training obstacle course. For those expecting to be on the receiving end the thought of opening that happily familiar shaped thinness and finding Grand Funk Pailload where Carole King was hoped for is about as welcome as monogrammed boxer shorts. Real funny, like a tie whose design reads "FUCK YOU" when you stretch it out!

And every year it gets more and more difficult: fresh names replace names that were new three months ago, new groups spring up around old faces, and still worse, you can't always depend on the familiar faces to be as likeable as you once thought they were. What you probably need is some kind of help sorting out what lies in which direction, so what you need is what you get.

THANK YOU MASKED MAN - Lenny Bruce - (Fantasy)

Almost every time I listen to a Bruce album I cry inside. That the man had a certain style of genius is undeniable; he worked within a level of consciousness that is only now emerging as a natural way with most people.

Most of the material here is circa 1958 - 1959, the earliest so far released on record, with a couple 1963 bits tossed in. Standout tracks include "The Sound," a 12-minute chronology of one musician's search for 'the sound'; "Captain Whackencraker," the children's show hero who makes even Captain Kangaroo and Pick Temple suspect; and a true Bruce classic, "Thank You Masked Man" which is simply Lenny's way of humanizing the Lone Ranger. Bruce freaks (we should have a coming out party) will recognize this as the same piece that accompanied the John

Magnuson cartoon which appears occasionally at the Biograph. One listen to this album and laughter will roll in your aisles and keep you there with side-splitting regularity.



ROLL 'EM SMOKE 'EM PUT ANOTHER LINE OUT - Patto - (Island SW-9322)

The appearance of this album through the mail slot early one morning took me by just enough surprise to knock some numb from a body - my own - once again everly incapacitated by the previous evening's confrontation with a series of salt and lemon sandwiches. Actually, it wasn't the salt and lemon that caused my state of disunion, it was all that tequila I had sandwiched between the two. Ah, but that's another story.

Yeah, surprised, for several reasons really. I had a feeling that after two disappointing albums for Vertigo, thru which ran encouraging, but well disguised potential, this band would flounder as do band after band, day after day.

As a band, their musicianship, technically speaking, put them levels above the average, but then some of the saddest failures in the business could've cast shadows across the rest of the field. And their concept, a fusion of jazz and rock - not so original, but not overly done either - was nicely compatible with their technical competence. Creatively, though, they couldn't seem to hit on that something that, melded with their other attributes, would gel into tunes able to catch your ear and move your body. And they tended to compound their difficulties by stretching out almost every song beyond its worth, too quickly running out of things to say, making the stronger tunes boring and the weak ones weaker.

So I was surprised. Doubly so. Because here's an unexpected third disc, plus it's got more nice tracks on it than the other two combined.

Rightaway the album is into good solid stuff with "Singing The Blues On Reds," a very funky eye's view of life from within a travelin' band, with a slight touch of paranoia ("keepin' an eye on the fed's") which is a downer of another color.

With "Flat Footed Woman" they get the least interesting item out of the way early, trying to hide it behind one of the album's best. Instrumentally, it's worthy enough, but melodically its potential for boredom is multiplied by its draggy eight minute length.

"Mummy" is a quick, kinky dialogue thing by drummer John Halsey playing a little boy who calls for his mum one night 'cause he is afraid of the dark. She consoles him in a way that would touch the motherly heart of Frank Zappa and the boy ends up convincing her to step out of her leather underwear. Isn't it nice to be able to communicate with at least one of your parents?

Next up is "Loud Green Song," true to the school of amphetamine-rock and a convincing contrast to anything else on the LP. It's definitely loud (very) and green alright and more than enough to shame the Blue (from) Oyster Cult. You can bet Sergio Mendes isn't going to cover it on his next album.

Opening the flip side is one of the tightest rockers I've heard in too long a while, battling it out with "Singing The Blues On Reds" as the album's high point. Everything seems to have come together just right: instrumental arrangement, lead vocals, backup vocals. "Turn Turtle," very nice indeed. Following that, "I Got Rhythm" slows it down just a little, but maintains a solidly packed pace with its bit of blues, touch of funk.

"Peter Abraham" goes through a series of interesting time changes, again complemented by more tasty instrumental work, but I'll be damned if I can figure out its contents.

At first hearing I felt that "Cap'n P' And The Atto's" was okay, but that it shouldn't've been on this album. A few more listens and now I'm glad it's here because it's even more amusing, in the Bonzo Dog Band style, than "Mummy" and a very delightful way to top off an album.

Too often when a band tries its arm at different veins they tend to nod towards either overdose or underdose because they're just not able to muster the strength required by versatility. Fortunately, this is not the case with Patto. And fortunately they were once again given the opportunity to put an album together because this is the one that will turn the direction up smoother roads for them.

FACES - Shawn Phillips - (A&M)

One theory which holds merit within the recording industry is that third albums are maker/breakers. By the third album, so goes the theory, the audience and artist have, hopefully, become aware of one another and a means of support has become visible or it's back to the parking lot. There are always exceptions of course. Some artists (apply loosely) never make it past the first album, not to mention that many never should have had a first album. A very special few nestle in

a class by themselves, comfortably above the mechanics of theory and so reflect the very best side of an industry that is too often clumsy and callous in relating art with product. Shawn Phillips is one of these nestlers who, for the sake of counting, is now on his fourth helping. Yet the chronology of Phillips work is not marked by numerical sequence, but rather by the style and sophistication with which he explores and relates what is on his mind.

This fourth album is a collection of tunes he's recorded between 1969 and 1972 and for the most part they are a switch from the dramatic conceptual approach of his earlier albums and occasionally revealed is yet another source for Donovan's style, e.g., the melody of "Parisien Plight II."

The production is as clean and exhilarating as that first toke of a new hash-pipe and where the smoke don't take you Shawn Phillips will.

The Moody Blues Seventh Sojourn



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Moody Blues: Quality in the Vintaged

By Mark Kenyon
and Chris Zinn

The year 1967 saw the establishment of many rock groups, the most notable being the Moody Blues. Time after time their albums have met with incredible success, financially and more importantly, musically. Their instrumentals and philosophical lyrics have combined to produce a totally original style. Obviously the group has been met with astounding popularity throughout the country.

When appearing in concert, the Moody Blues are guaranteed a sellout. Instead of saturating the country with live appearances, they place more of an emphasis on their studio work. A facet where they can concentrate on further development of their expertise and style. Thus, they only make one tour a year, a mere twenty engagements.

The Moody Blues have been called the "little symphony" and applauded for their ability to create the unusual musical effects

which they desire. In concert they are supposedly able to equal, if not surpass, their achievements on record. However, we must question this presupposition on the basis of their concert at the Baltimore Civic Center on Sunday, October 22.

Admittedly, the Civic Center is the worst place in the area to view and listen to a concert. To compound this the sound system seemed inadequate for the dimensions of the hall.

Untypically, the concert began on time. Two acoustic acts — Albert Hammond (introduced as "John" Hammond by a local disc jockey) and Diane Davidson — preceded the Moody Blues. After a brief intermission, the Moody Blues graced the stage. They were met by a large and anxious audience anticipating a carbon copy of their past albums. This duplication was at times lacking. The vocals were off and the instruments disparate of one another, especially the lead guitar and the mellotron.

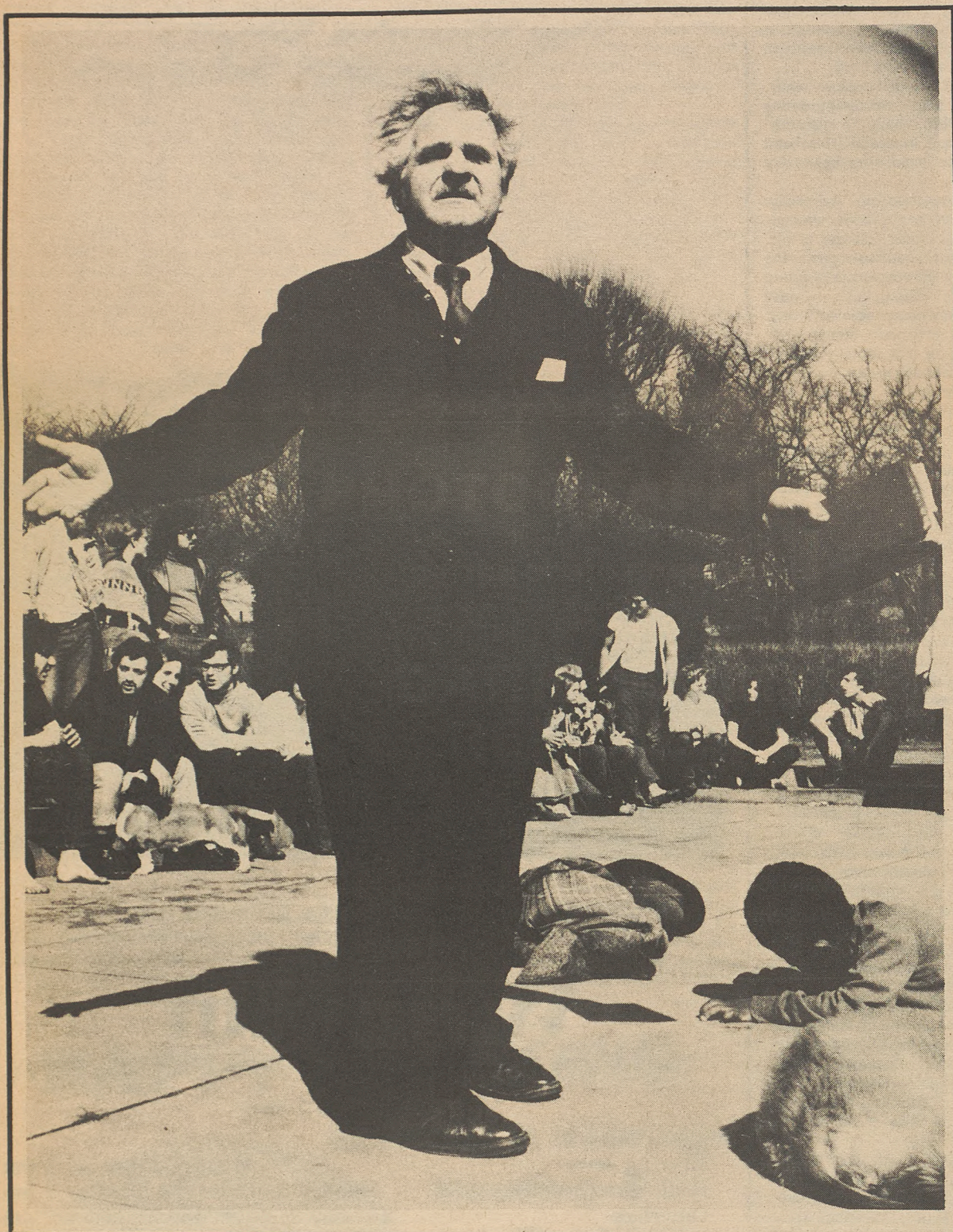
The first two songs, "A Story in Your Eyes" and "The Tortoise and the Hare," showed that the group was cold and the sound poorly mixed. To offset this they launched into one of their finest numbers, "Tuesday Afternoon," which sounded almost recording-perfect, due largely to the efforts of Mike Pindor on the mellotron and Ray Thomas' flute solo. But their next song, "Guessing Game," sounded at best illprepared and empty. "Free Man," a song from their next album was next and from this point on, the concert began to pick up. If this song was any indication of their next album, SEVENTH SOJOURN, the group is headed for another hit.

A couple of numbers later they played "Melancholy Man," It being obviously one of their most popular songs, had been better rehearsed than most of their songs. They continued to redeem themselves from their previous mediocrity by playing the medley of songs that concludes the album, ON THE

THRESHOLD OF A DREAM. This was by far the best material of the evening, both because of the magic quality of the music and the faithfulness with which it was rendered. Continuing their momentum, they performed "Nights in White Satin" (an older song now re-released), and "Legend of the Mind." They ended the concert with "Question" the performance of which seemed a bit over taxed.

After two encores the group left a standing and cheering audience, happy at having experienced the Moody Blues.

Although at times the group managed to soar, one was left with the impression that the continuity and payoff of each instrument which they achieve on their albums was at too many times lacking. The free flowing spirit that is produced on their albums was not evident in Baltimore. With the proper hall, sound system, and more rehearsal time, the Moody Blues could have quite easily lived up to our expectations.



Wayne E. Avis



Photo: Russ Fontaine



Photo: Russ Fontaine



Then one day Ivan the Bunny
surprised all his friends
at school...

He couldn't read and
he couldn't write
But
he could multiply!!!

Ivan →



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2 x 3 = 6
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a fifth
grader)

(That's why there are so
many bunnies who can't
read or write)

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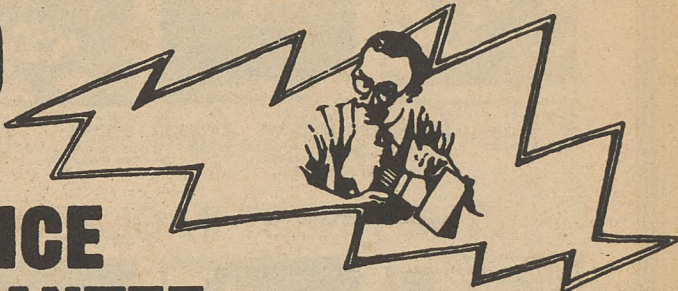
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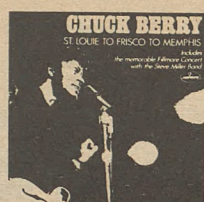
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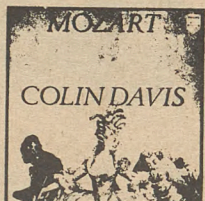
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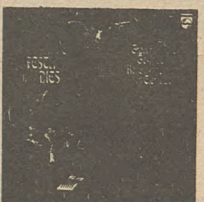
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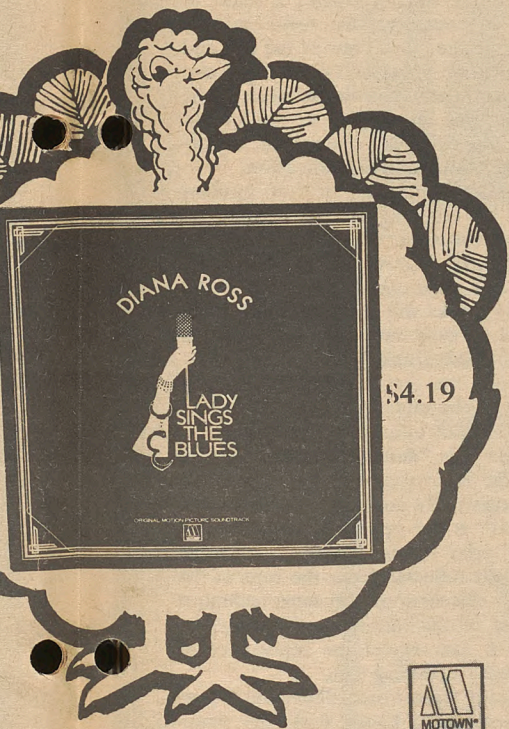
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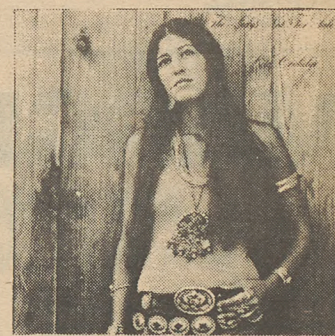
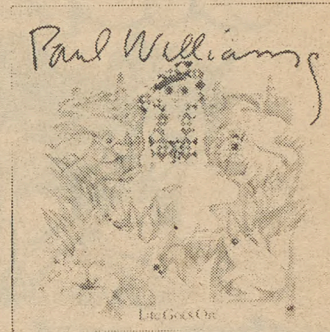
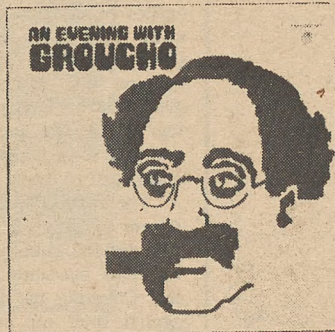
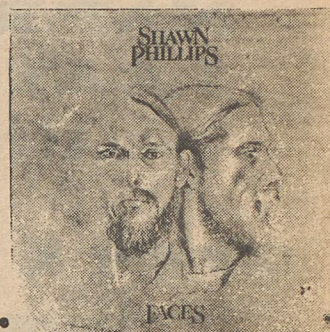
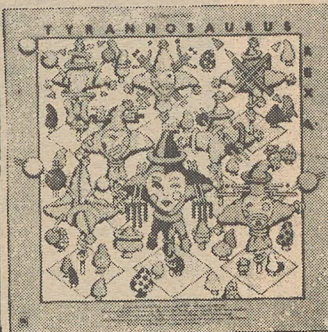


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ART Roy Slade

Photo: Livleen Singh



"UNTITLED" 12" X 12", Wax Crayon, by Roy Slade

David Tannous
If you want a pleasant surprise, visit the second floor of the Jefferson Place Gallery, at 2144 P Street, N.W. There, ten feet above the grubby autumnal realities that obtain outside, Roy Slade has set up his summer for you. On the walls are twenty drawings in colored wax crayon; in a portfolio are forty-four more. Together they make up a show that Slade calls "Sky Sea Summer 72," and they are an illustration of the classic Greek paradox of diversity in uniformity.

Slade, Dean of the Corcoran School of Art and no stranger to administrative difficulties or internecine warfare, wanted to get away from it all last summer. He traveled to Dewey Beach in Delaware, determined to do nothing but rest; he didn't even want to paint. Nevertheless, after a few days of looking at the sea and sky and the horizon, he gathered some paper, pulled out a few crayons, and began to draw. These works are the result.

The format for each work is the same: a square of drawing area is ruled on the paper and divided equally by a horizontal line. The top half becomes the sky; the bottom, the sea. Covering the two sections in slashing diagonal lines are contrasting gouts of color. Sometimes the coloring is relatively simple — one dominant hue apiece for the two parts — but in other drawings a number of colors appear in each half.

That's all there is: no scenery, no ships sailing by, no fleecy white clouds, no cozy beachscapes, no people. Just the same thing in each picture: the square divided in two, the contrasting colors, the sky and the sea.

It should be boring, but it isn't, no more than is Monet's series of paintings showing the shift of colors that occurs with the change of light on a cathedral facade. Slade also is interested in the changing effects of light; for him it is the invisible modifier that, filtered through the various interferences of the weather, can produce a great many dramatic transformations of a basically simple scene.

The scene is simple because Slade has very bravely, and intelligently, eliminated any element in his view that might provide an extrinsic interest. There is nothing to catch the eye; there is only the framework of the sea and sky, each given equal weight, and on this bare stage the ever-changing movement of the light and the weather.

The form is the same in each work, yet each work is different. In one, a distant line of light above the horizon, shining through the clouded sky and dark sea near at hand, shows an area where the storm has passed. In another the flat blaze of noon turns both the sea and sky almost white. In a third, a sunset on the right spots the sea with bright orange-pink, in contrast with an already darkened sky.

The variations continue from work to work

— in the sixty-four drawings nothing is repeated — and the viewer feels that Slade could have continued indefinitely without repetition. Although nothing carries these pieces but the artist's ability to indicate some of the varieties of light he perceived in a short summer vacation, it is enough. He reproduces for us the excitement that he must have felt, and that must have impelled him to begin to work.

Slade's insight is matched by his technique. His use of the familiar and often disregarded wax crayon is exactly suited to his subject. The rough intensity of the slanting crayon strokes, at times lapping over the boundaries of the confining square, creates a sense of immediacy and activity. One feels that the artist is pulling the work "out of the air" and setting it down on paper before the light, and the scene, can alter. The works seem to be done on the spot rather than in the studio: immediate and intuitive observation is employed, rather than leisurely reflection.

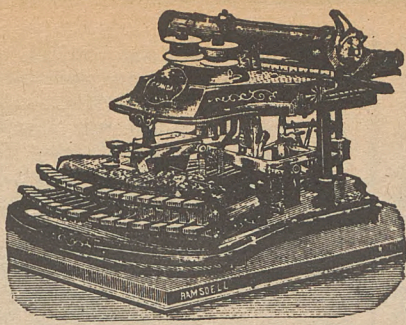
Slade makes surprising use of another property of the crayon — its inability to provide a uniform texture. Those of you who remember moving beyond the relative simplicities of one color per area in your childhood crayon books will recall the difficulties encountered in superimposing one color on another to produce a third. The top layer never is uniform: the crayon always skips, revealing part of the under color. Instead of an even hue, a mottled effect is produced.

Slade uses this "defect" to advantage. In several of the night scenes, a light base color is almost completely covered by a dark overlay. "Almost" is the operative word: bits of the lighter color shine through, indicating gleams of light reflected from the tops of the waves. In the sky sections, this same technique gives a sense of the variations of the light in the air, or it can suggest the appearance of the sky behind a driving rain.

Throughout these works, Slade presents us with contradictions. Faced with the panoramic range of the sky and sea at the edge of the land, he chooses to restrict his vision to the abstraction of a divided square, then he fills his set of squares with unexpected complexities. Making use of the bright, straightforward waxy colors of the crayon, he blends and layers them until they produce the subtleties and shadings he desires. And his hurried, slashing strokes, so much filled with energy that they break through self-imposed confines, produce images that vibrate with tight control.

At first glance a set of children's drawings, these "careless," "casual" pieces reveal intelligence and forethought on closer look, and as one continues to examine them, they present an increasing emotional and esthetic reward.

These works are something new for Slade, and of all his work that I've seen, they are the best.



BOOKS

THE AMERICAN FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE
by Mrs. Child (Ed. Alice M. Geffen), Harper & Row, 141 pp., \$5.00, (hardback).

Reviewed by Clover Holcomb
Originally published in 1836, Mrs. Child's book was found in an old-book auction and re-edited with an introduction by Alice M. Geffen. Despite the uneasy feeling that there might be something a bit too convenient about this new edition — with its brown paper wrapping and early American type — revived during a period of nostalgia and high prices, Mrs. Child's book survives quaintness.

Naturally, the book abounds in anticipated amusing details from the 19th Century home. Advice such as "six or seven pounds of veal will roast in an hour and a half," will be read by the modern home maker who rarely sees so much veal on one bill. This will either provoke an appreciative chuckle or send her to the comforts of her clothes dryer, as recommended by a more recent book of helpful hints to the housewife.

However, what truly catches the interest of the reader are Mrs. Child's chapter intro-

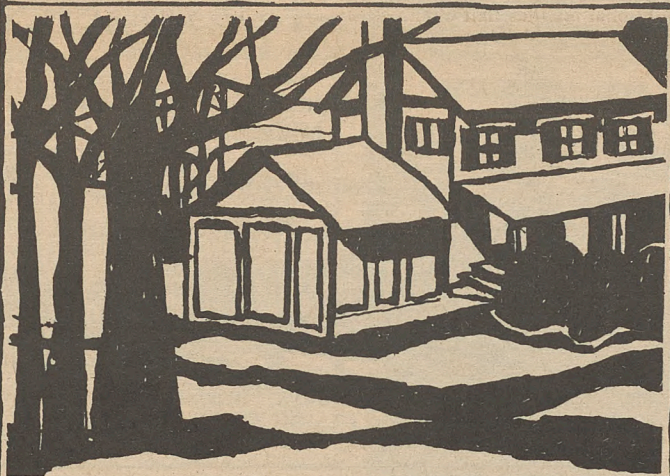
ductions. At first, one may be wary of what seem to be the all-too-familiar overtones of commercialized women's liberation. But the nagging fear that this timely manual incorporates not only nostalgia and economy, but also women's liberation (and what else?) should be postponed. What Mrs. Child is advocating behind economy is closer to a startling, militant attempt to arouse and organize the poor. Power to the poor.

One point in Mrs. Child's guideline to the coming of consciousness of the poor as a potentially political power is the warning to the individual to beware of indulging in luxuries beyond his means. There's to be no travel, fancy clothes or wasteful leisure for the poor. Her reasoning behind what seems to be obvious advice is eminently political, for Mrs. Child's comments that the poor have just as much right to amusement as do the wealthy. But they should realize that the reason the wealthy share fun with their less fortunate brothers is to keep them spending more than they earn, thereby maintaining the status quo. The rich get richer and...

If you become interested in the political aspects of this manuscript, I would like to suggest that you search out some of Mrs. Child's other works. Even if they are not quaint or nostalgic, you may be intrigued by a woman who, in 1833, published a book called **AN APPEAL FOR THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS**.

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LONGHAIR

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

By Louis C. Fantasia

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts opened its visiting ballets series with a two week stint by the American Ballet Theatre, of which Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith are the directors. Perhaps the duumvirate leadership is a partial explanation for the almost schizoid ballet company we saw.

It seems inconceivable to me that in two weeks one company can put such exciting productions as did ABT with *L'Histoire du Soldat*, *Sea Interludes*, *Rodeo* and *Fancy Free*, and in the same period present to us hackneyed and exhausted *Romeo and Juliets*, *Les Sylphides*, and *Paquita*.

ABT has had in the past some of America's best composers, choreographers, dancers and conductors in its artistic family. For the most part, these are the ballets that the company dances with distinction: *Rodeo*, music by Aaron Copland, choreography by Agnes de Mille, with brilliant and dramatically interesting performances by Marcos Paredes and Terry Orr, as the Wrangler and Roper, and Christine Sarry, as the ugly duckling cowgirl.

Fancy Free, the Berstein-Jerome Robbins collaboration, about three horny sailors in *Wonderful Town USA*, still wears well thanks to the bright legwork of the men involved: Ian Hovarth, Buddy Balough, Daniel Levins.

Intermezzo, a new piece done to Brahms piano music (played *avec elan* by Howard Barr, who also did much credit to himself in the handling of the tough piano part in *Petrushka*) is choreographed by Eliot Field and is a tongue-in-the-toe-shoeshot at the old ballet recital, with the girls in tutus leaping and spinning and in general trying to upstage the boys, etc.; and constantly remembering to smile at the audience. With subtle satire and sparkling technique the three pairs of dancers did the work it deserved justice. I must mention again Christine Sarry, the ugly duckling cowgirl from *Rodeo*. In this work she was the personification of grace and charm; poetry in motion.

Still on the plus side for the company are its rendition of *Pillar of Fire*, which puts the famous Russian ballerina Natalia Markarova through her paces to Arnold Shoenberg's *Verklarte Nacht*. It is taught, tight dancing, with little flabbiness allowed, as the story of a not so young girl, fearing she will never know love gives herself to a man she does not love. I'm very glad I got to see Markarova in this, as she was certainly wasted in the production of *R&J* done later.

There were three works done which somehow left me a little cold. Two were new and one was a revival of a Nijinsky specialty. The Nijinsky work, of course, was *Spectre de la Rose*, danced well by Paolo Bortoluzzi to the music of von Weber. However, as the androgenous sprite of remembered balls, he seemed somewhat less than brilliant. The sluggish tempo of the waltz didn't help much, but I think this should be laid to rest with Nijinsky, unless the dancer feels up to the comparison. For Mr. Bortoluzzi, it is close, but no cigar.

Some Times was a new work with a specially commissioned score by Claus Ogerman and choreography by Dennis Nahat. The music sounded like the sound track from the ABC movie of the week, with an incessant repetition of muzak-type rock ideas intermingled with muzak-type orchestrations. The point of the dance seemed to be that the sea and the West Coast and the surf all contribute to various kinds of love affairs, and that when you get two couples they don't necessarily divide two by two. Interesting to watch for about five minutes, but then you got the feeling that you'd seen it (or done it) before.

Alvin Ailey, last seen here with the Bernstein Mass, took the ABT dancers and tried to turn them into the Alvin Ailey dancers for his production of *Sea Interludes*. His concept of the use of the human body is much different from the company's basic philosophy of dance and I don't think the dancers grasped entirely what he was after. I'm sure it was a good experience for everyone concerned, choreographer, dancers and audience, but it was not Ailey or the ABT at their best. This does not mean that this partnership and sharing of some of the finest dance talent in the country today should not continue.

By any standard the Ailey attempt was welcome relief when placed against the ABT's weaker half, which is its big set, heavily costumed chestnuts, that apparently nobody

want to see (the houses were a third empty) and nobody really wants to dance... again. A sagging *Swan Lake*, a lusterless *Les Sylphides*, a wrinkled *Romeo and Juliet*, leads me to ask Why Why Why?

Why does a company — for years with the leading role in commissioning new works — retreat to touring with thirty year old productions. Why does a company which on some nights can be absolutely brilliant in its inventiveness, bother to drag out dull dance?

If the directors feel that it's necessary to trot out these war horses for those who have never seen them (or for those who only go to the ballet to see them and be seen) then they should have an Old Timers night at the Ballet, and get all this stuff out of the way as expediently as possible.

If those of you who were in attendance for the series think I have neglected the ABT's Stravinsky repertoire, let me say I'm saving the best for last.

Petrushka was brilliant, marvelous, delightful and you name it. Well played by the Orchestra, well danced by the corps, this production included everything and everybody, even the kids from the Washington School of Ballet. You could not watch this without being refreshed, as the snow fell on the town square and *Petrushka* returned to his magic box. Great Fun! Well Done!

A Soldier's Tale is a bitch to dance play or conduct. It calls for seven musicians to play just about every note on the scale of their instruments, as a young soldier, admirably danced by Daniel Levins, comes home on leave only to be seduced by Whores Sallie Wilson and Paula Tracy. All I can say is, how could he possibly resist them? The evil pimp was well acted out by William Carter, and Eliot Field added a corps of soldiers to heighten the brutality of the war scene. I would like to see a performance of this, however, as Stravinsky intended, with narrators, four dancers and the orchestra on stage. Until that happens, this will do more than sufficiently.

The ABT is very fortunate in having Akira Endo as its brilliant young conductor. He handled many styles and challenges with confidence and taste.

The American Ballet Theatre returns in January for a week, and again in April. Hopefully without its war horses and with more new surprises for us here.

LEON BATES

By Susan Cohn

I knew Leon Bates when he and I were at Temple University and studying with Natalie Hinderas. (That's where our resemblance ends: piano teachers drew straws and the winner got Leon: teachers drew straws and the loser got me.) Leon was great then, the guy who won every concerto competition that was held one year, the one who would learn a Beethoven sonata in a week, the student who would rather practice scales than go to class on some days. Leon was always a cool person, too, with his great personality and sharp clothes and coterie of girls. But most important, in that collection of people at Temple who abound with talent, Leon had super talent: he was a star.

Happily, all I remember about Leon is true. He is a superb pianist, and I am not alone in my judgement of him: the audience at his recital November 5 at the National Gallery was quite enthusiastic. As a pianist Leon has a wide range of dynamics and attacks. His phrasing is excellent, and he has enough musicianship to give direction to a line.

The opening piece, Mozart's *Sonata in A Minor, K. 310*, was given a firm performance that was powerful yet clear enough not to be drowned by the Gallery's ringing acoustics. The Chopin *Polonaise in F Sharp Minor* that followed was a work of showmanship marked by unflagging power. Washington's George Walker's *Second Sonata* is a "third stream" composition, and Bates' precise rhythms and sensitive use of piano color gave intelligibility to the rhythmically and contrapuntally complex lines. Ravel's "*Gaspard de la Nuit*" was sensitively played. After all this, Bates still had strength to play Chopin's "*Revolutionary*" Etude with fire and excitement.

Leon Bates is due for a long career of recitals and guest appearances with major orchestras. He's very good now — and he's still in his early 20's. Watch for him, because he is going places.

EVELYN SWARTHOUT

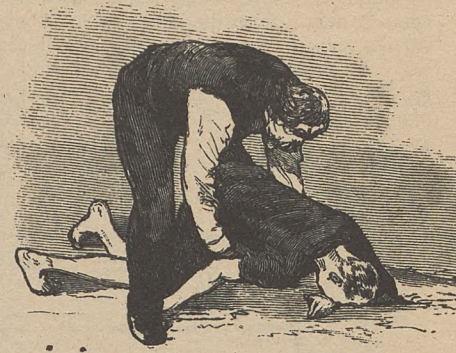
I am not alone in being a fan of Evelyn Swarthout's: at her recital at American University on October 30 the hall was so jammed with people that the distinguished critic from the Post had to sit on the floor in the back of the room. Miss Swarthout is a total artist, an excellent musician and technician as well as a delight to watch with her regal bearing and precisely-placed hands.

Miss Swarthout rarely builds a program of warhorses, and this one was no exception: improvisations by Bartok and Poulenc were programmed as were sonatas by Weber and Hindemith. In each of these pieces, although most likely unfamiliar to the listener, Miss Swarthout found the essence and demonstrated her uncanny knack for making everything sound "right."

Bartok's "*Eight Improvisations*," Op. 20 (1922) are eight separate pieces linked by specific instructions by the composer. The basis of the material is primarily folk-like melodies, although the seventh section is dedicated to Debussy and is conceived in a more Debussy-like manner. Miss Swarthout's performance of these pieces was marked by a perfect clarity brought about by precise pedalling and crystalline technique. The Bartok was followed by Carl Maria von Weber's second piano sonata. Weber (1796-1826) was a contemporary of Beethoven, and where Beethoven was a culmination of all that had preceded him, Weber points forward to the music of Schubert, Chopin and other Romantic composers. Essentially a frilly, technical expose, this piece never lagged in Miss Swarthout's performance, gaining some measure of importance and giving the listener a clue to the compositional skills of the man who is called by some the "Father of Modern Opera."

The second half was a parallel, formalistically, of the first. The first work was Poulenc's "*Improvisations*" (1933-1959), a collection of six pieces that sound very French, an inheritance of the style of Debussy. The fourth improvisation is dedicated to Edith Piaf and is a touching, bittersweet song; the next piece is dedicated to Schubert and is a mad copy of one of his beer-hall style waltzes. Hindemith's third piano sonata is a massive monument which moves inexorably toward the climactic fugue of the fourth movement. That Miss Swarthout could sustain and increase a level of tension from beginning to end is a testament to her excellent musical approach to performance. This approach is evident in all that she plays. It is always pleasurable to hear a familiar work, but it takes a fine musician to introduce unfamiliar works to the public, one who will attempt unknown paths and will succeed in making the way clear. Every time I hear Miss Swarthout play I admire her more; she is very special, and Washington is fortunate to have her as a resident artist.

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A Barren Wall

By FAYE HASKINS

A gray wintry sky filters only minute blotches of sunlight to the city below this morning. The city is, as always, a moving shadow of bodies with voices that whisper to the vibrations of the machines. In the city two windows face a barren and vast concrete wall, and behind those windows a man sleeps alone in his bed. His fifth floor room is a cold, black, and silent vacuum hidden within the city.

A clang of bells is hushed as his heavy muscular hand presses in the stem of the alarm clock. His hand then drops and slips back into the warm covers, and his body rolls over heavily in the bed. A muffled groan is heard from his husky voice. Now on his back, his eyes are only half opened in the blackness of the room. His face turns toward the window and then his hard, sad, almost tearful eyes open more widely in the sunlight from the window. As his bulging, muscular arm pulls the hanging string over his bed, a blinding light blasts the darkness. He uncovers himself and in one deliberate motion pulls his white flannelled sturdy legs on the side of the bed and sits up with shoulders slumped slightly. He shivers as he moves lethargically in the cold and tries to light the small gas stove in his room. His excessively broad face with its jutting lower lip, which rarely turns up into a smile, and the deep folding wrinkles between his eyes make him appear frighteningly angry. A wide neck supports his broad, large head — an athlete when younger possibly. Now there are no cheering crowds. He is like an awesome mythical Greek god brooding over and condemning the world with dark mysterious eyes. Unaware of his movements, he begins to put on his denim trousers and shirt.

In the dishelved kitchen he moves in a cold silence as he begins breakfast. The only sounds heard are a sizzling egg, the shutting and opening bangs of the refrigerator door, and the clanging of dishes. No human voice except his has ever been heard here or in the many silent rooms he has lived in since leaving home twenty years ago. He begins to eat. Sometimes his face leaves its bent position over his food and he straightens it as he stares at the barren wall before him. At these times his lips seem to move slightly or maybe just to droop. After closing and then opening his eyes, his pupils move as if he were watching someone or something. Occasionally his broad head turns slightly from side to side. But he deliberately forces his attention back to his food and eats rapidly again. After finishing his breakfast, he moves to the window and gazes out before him.

As he looks over the buildings and into the streets beyond and below, his shoulders sag as he sighs depressively and his hands clutch the window pane and press against it firmly. A young gray female sparrow barely able to fly has found a home on the roof top just outside his window. When the bird's mother dies, the young sparrow was left alone here in the cold of autumn. He avoided the bird's menacing presence for only a day, for the remembrance of winter's mornings at dusty dawn in flat prairies and the hollow screeching of falcons had irritated an innocent instinct born in childhood days. He lifts the window now and with his hands, tanned and firm, places scraps of food before her. Between his two fingers he hangs a long tangling worm before the small chirping sparrow who grabs and swallows it rapidly. As he lays his hand on the roof outside his window and whistles softly, she walks cautiously into his dark strong hand. He gently enfolds her in his hand and then glides his hand across the wind and releases her to fly. The wind is brisk this morning and she, small and awkward is unable to control her flight. Her gray-white wings pass further away and mingle with the gray walls until her innocent helplessness is misplaced in indifferent shabbiness. The wall's solid silence stands heavily in noisy tenement peopled streets — the weight of years.

Years ago he went to escape the muzzle, the beating strap, the dried wind, high wheat, and hopeless voices muffled in trapped, limited days. To spend twenty shiftless years in search. The metal clack of rails and of trains early in the morning and late afternoon . . . click clack . . . that leaves a man mindless and notfeeling. He cannot catch the people

who sit and run and wait and sit and run and wait. He knows not understands any of them. The streets, solid, seem to fly away. In the crowds he can not see another's eyes. He does not know but how to look at the streets. The time that leaves emptiness when the dream never came. He still hears the bells. No change occurred for him. He is just a luckless beast, once in a snare, let loose in the cold barren walls of a city. He cannot feel the earth beneath the street.

The bird will live and soon will be strong

enough to fly away. He will not teach her to fly back to him. He will not strap the jangling bells to her neck. He will give her life.

He closes the window and sees himself reflected double in the window before him. At first he covers his face with his hands, but a moment later he looks at the reflection and smiles almost irreverently. He turns from the reflection and begins to slowly finish dressing. He leaves to work in the streets beyond and below.



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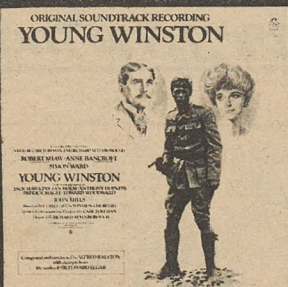
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Films: Mediocrity to Superiority

By Stephen Allen Whealton
The Whitney Museum's series of American independent experimental films continued at the Smithsonian with a showing of several experimental shorts. Included among them were several more or less ordinary examples of filmic experimentalism, and two of the best abstract films yet made.

Stan Vanderbeek contributed a pair of collage films entitled *NEWSREEL OF DREAMS*. Each showed a multiplicity of television, film, or still images strung together with technical expertise. Each film, likewise was a massed social commentary; satirical and pointed. Unfortunately, the first film alone lasted far too long for such a bombardment to be comfortably endured. Together, the two films tried the viewers' patience and attention spans.

Leonard Lipton's contribution was marred by only the obtuseness and pretentiousness of its title. The film itself was simple, beautiful, and totally unpretentious. Lipton filmed close-up shots of parts of the human body, and then edited them together very beautifully. This was the only silent film of the show.

Scott Bartlett's moonshot film showed very tantalizing promise, but ultimately fell into that most dangerous of all abstract filmmakers' traps — the multi-image mania. Using beautiful sights and sounds, Bartlett nevertheless fails to string them together interestingly. Soon after the film begins, the viewer is again immersed in the same old sameness of images too partial to be identified and too fleeting to be beautiful or interesting. One of the most beautiful films I've ever seen was Bartlett's *LOVEMAKING*, which presented simple images without distracting mixing.

NEW YORK EXPERIMENTAL is a delightfully simple and naive film. It features shots of ships and boats sped up and slowed down. The editing is done with humor in mind. It has the look of an early classic, and in an utterly unsophisticated way, it is enjoyable.

Other films were merely inferior versions of Bartlett's with different subject-matter which nevertheless does distinguish itself in the memory from any other similar films. There were three exceptional films, however. One was Stan Brakhage's *MOTHLIGHT*. It is a film made by putting moth's wings, hairs, leaves, and other natural things onto film, and shining light through them to make a photographic copy. The resulting film has virtually no continuity and it is interesting mostly for its unusualness, rather than for the sensual impact of 24 totally distinct images every second.

Jordan Belson's *ALLURES* is one of the two masterpieces which were included in the program. Belson's approach to film is totally abstract and it is masterly. Working with machines, techniques, and processes of his own invention, he creates films which represent for him some kind of statement about the universe. He is pictorializing his imaginings of outer space and of the human soul.

Even more impressive than *ALLURES* is James Whitney's film *LAPIS*. It is one of the first computer-made films and it remains the most beautiful abstract film I have ever seen. Dots of color move about in complex and totally co-ordinated geometric patterns. When one of the patterns seems to have stabilized, the colors change and the process begins again. The size of the dots, the size of the shapes they make, and the speed of movement are varied throughout the film in a manner reminiscent of the changes of tempo in a piece of music. In all, *LAPIS* occupies in computer films a position like that of Varese's *POEM ELECTRONIQUE* in electronic music; both are early classics which still remain the best of all that has been done.

The Smithsonian's series has thus far proved to be extremely interesting. The collection of shorts which it showed was overall the best abstract show I've ever seen. I hope that the series flourishes.

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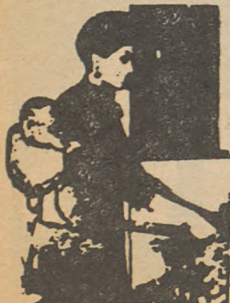
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Cynthia, a University junior with a 2.6 average, explained that she used a term paper service

because she has to take care of her baby and home as well as go to school.

"I don't have the time to do papers and stuff," she claimed.

She said she went to Term-paper Research Co., which completed an eight-page economics paper in 10 days.

The paper included footnotes and bibliography, she added, and she received a B-plus.

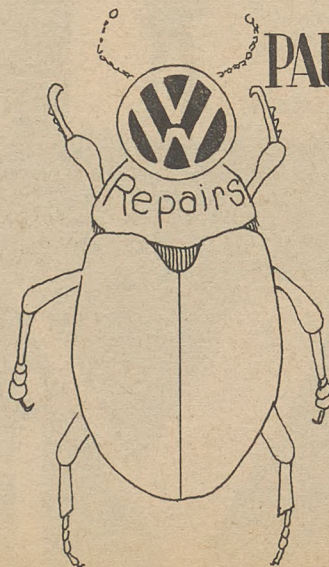
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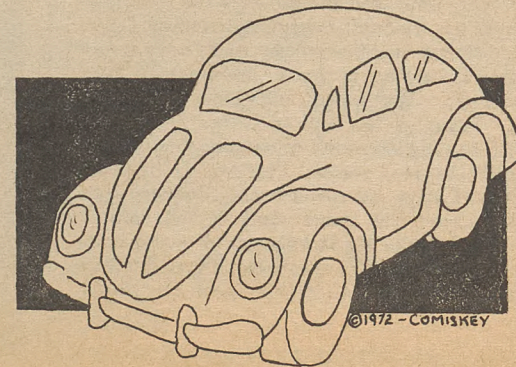
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MOVIES

LA SALAMANDRE

By Lee Westenberg

In *LA SALAMANDRE*, director Alain Tanner has conceived a minor variation on the triangular affair — that well known navigation of a passion so recurrent in French

film. (Not that anyone holds a patent, but Truffaut's *JULES AND JIM* may be the precursor in tempos and subtlety of these moody excursions). Tanner's variation, as I see it, is that the two men (Jacques Denis and Jean-Luc Bideau — who is who is a confusion) approach Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier) as an assignment, a job. This, plus the casual, so-goes-it air and the minimum of outright intellectualizing, make for a situation in which jealousy is utterly absent. (Compared with the jealousy present in at least three of Eric Rohmer's films, *LA COLLECTIONNEUSE*, *MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S* and *CLAIRE'S KNEE*.)

Ms. Ogier plays a young, hip (the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper portrait features prominently in her apartment), prole-type who may or may not have shot her surly, gun-loving uncle, who is, incidentally, as avid to show his scars as LBJ. One of the men, a tall, down and out free-lance journalist with the eyes and lips of Elliott Gould, decides to investigate the facts for a proposed television script. He interests a married, creative-writing friend, who white-washes walls for a living and sings to stay happy, in the project. The friend — short and teddy-bearish — arrives with warm winter long-johns and agrees to collaborate, provided he be told nothing about the progress of the reporter's fact-hunt. He will work from his imagination alone.

Perhaps the neatest ironic touch comes in the first 10 minutes. The creative writer, to show his journalistic comrade how he works, spins out a scenario of Rosemonde's past which exactly matches the findings of the subsequent 'fact hunt.' Of course, being a film and all, imagination can niftily be made to supercede a plain-facts mentality. Tanner however, obviously finds the journalistic route a more cinematic way into his film, for we meet Rosemonde through the reporter's street-pounding efforts. Not that Tanner attempts documentary journalism at all, indeed, the reporter seems less moved by his craft than by its bohemian lures: he ruefully admits what a dream was his image of late mornings over coffee and the news, lazy afternoons over cigarettes and his typewriter.

Nevertheless, we learn through interviews with her former landlords and her self-serving gourmand of an uncle that Rosemonde is a lout (in bed until 10), a slut (birthed an illegitimate child at 17) and a ne'er-do-well (hangs around with street punks). All this may begin to sound as if the creative news-feature angle is the film's effective structure. It's not. The quickness in cutting and wry emphasis on the writers' sporadic workperiods suggest the director was more concerned with drifting than delving. Thus, the reporter appears blasé and the writer appears innocuously dreamy. This view does give Tanner the doubt's benefit. Is he only managing a clever salvage of a skimpy premise? Perhaps he realized that the fact-hunt could go only so far, up to a point when what had occurred begins to merge with what is occurring. Perhaps he sensed that a pair of writers thrashing out arguments and rhetoric has little to do with a camera. What is "salvaged" in *LA SALAMANDRE* is, I think rather unique. It is the process by which distraction infiltrates discipline and cuts the will out of purpose.

At any rate, and probably more intentional than not, Bulle Ogier is the show-stealer. She is puckish, gamey, a woman of unassuming, yet fierce, melancholy. She expects nothing from what she senses will be a long series of desolation-row jobs. We first see her performing a delightfully obscene function in a sausage factory, and later, feeling customers' feet up in a shoe store and mocking their passion or outrage at her put-on effrontery. She accepts insults with blithe "Oui, Monsieur's!" and she has the mythical strength before adversity of the title animal — the amphibian able to resist fire.

Ogier's attraction is mainly physical, I suppose, but it is a bizarre mixture of insouciance and intensity which sets her apart from other actresses. Unlike Deneuve's "classic" sultry beauty or Anna Karina's vulnerable delicacy or Moreau's cunning, flinty charm, Ogier projects a kink of instinctive street-

Continued on Page 20

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coming in later with only some cuts to show for about thirty minutes hard fighting.

The dead and wounded was less than I expected given how shooting started right after I was knocked out. Four of the miners and two enemy was killed outright, and a number bad hurt. I was lightly knocked about compared to most, and the doc had not even been to our house for looking at the worst cases. This news was meant to buck me up, but the load my head was carrying kept me down for a while.

* * * * *

The long and short of what happened next is easy told. The owners decided to close down the mine. The cost of digging out No. 11, raising wages to get everybody back who would come, and paying for the private police must have cut their profit down too low. The miners had no say, and didn't even know about it until it was run in the town paper. In San Francisco some money was taken up to help tide people over as there was no jobs now to be begged borrowed or stole. Some people talked about the miners' getting together and buying the mine themselves, but that cost too much and was talk which came to nothing.

Before summer had set in too fierce our family and six others moved seventy miles in wagons to Pierceville, where silver mining was starting. My father got a job under a name he read in the newspaper and liked and we begun to have some money again. At 15 Willard went to work in the mines and the next year so did I. It was the only work we knew, tho' our mother hated to see us at it.

We come out better than some people did in the next few years, tho' we lost Willard in an accident. With all the drilling he was getting hard of hearing 'til I think he was near deaf and would only talk to you if you was to stand in front of him. On account of a man's pride, however, you do not mention such things. One day, as near as can be figured, a timber gave loose and Willard didn't know everything was going 'til he felt the rock on him. We never got his body.

God spared my father this death. He always felt that when his time came he would be in the mines and would be trapped with no food and water. He was especial sure of it when Willard died, and would talk about it if

anyone would listen. Right to the end he stayed strong and we had no notion he was sick. He just went to bed one night and never got up the next morning. I thank God for his easy death and do not feel he was as rough a man as many said, tho' he had strong feelings about right and wrong.

Soon after he died, I quit the mines and moved up north to Oregon, where I got some cattle. I seldom heard from mother or my sisters down in Cal, but one day I did get a real surprise. Old Mr. Hall come by to see me. I say old because I was in my thirties then and he was over sixty. He had heard I was living here and wanted to come by to see me.

It took years off my heart when I recognized him. His shoulders were still rared-back and proud and he was every bit the talker as before, but around his face time had left its tracks, as he had done the work of several men in the life of one.

Of course he knew my father was dead. The truth was that he had with him about 15 letters my father had written him over the years, and he wanted me to have them. This was a terrible kind gesture. As my father had no real education, the letters looked awful simple even to me, and if you didn't know Mr. Hall you would think a famous writer like him would make fun of them, but he wasn't that way. As a fact I could tell he hated to part with them, but as they meant alot to me, he did. He said my father was one of the bravest men he had ever known, and with five more like him, there was one time they could have changed the history of the whole state of California.

He spent the night at my place and left the next morning on the Northern Pacific railroad for New York City to work for a paper, and Mr. Debs, the socialist. I helped him onto the train and he grabbed my hand and shook it hard, then gave me a bear hug, which I allowed as I felt him like a cousin. I think he might have called me once by my father's name as we swapped goodbyes. For myself, I just thought about how old he looked, for not having seen him since the day after the fighting at the mine, he was always a young and fresh character in my thinking. Now he was not far from death itself.

The train jerked, ready to go, so I got off and waved as it pulled out, my hand still limp-like from the old man's shake. As I left the platform a few minutes later, the old days at Gordontown never seemed so far away.

ARTS & CRAFTS FAIR at NVCC on Nov. 29, from 8:00 am to 4:00 pm, is open to any artist in any media. For more information about this non-profit exhibit, contact: Art Association - 280-4000 or Rick Lewis - 356-0005.

SENIOR PROM has just celebrated its 100th performance at the "O" Street Theatre, where it has been playing since mid-July. Featured recently in Newsweek, plans are now being completed for other productions of the show around the country. Until then, SENIOR PROM will continue its open-end run here in Washington on into December. "O" Street Theatre is located at 1623 "O" Street, NW. For information, call 234-4949.



Ogier's Rosemonde is a plucky harlequin; she reminds me of a less beaten version of Dylan's Queen Jane.

For me, as I've said, the writers' original motive - the fictionalized script - disintegrates, and the focus moves toward the mutually affectionate fortunes of the triangle. It's difficult to say what sustains the relation. Maybe the casual quality. Rosemonde makes love to each of the men, but neither this fact nor any other except chance seems to undermine the reportorial effort. Rosemonde is, we are informed, named after a saint - on whose feast day her birthday falls - and is likened once to an angel, but she is far from being unearthly or aloof in the men's company, so transcendence is a false clue. The film does end, however, on a busy shopping day before Christmas - shot in bizarre slow-motion - and the rampant consumerism seems to work a happy, alien poignancy on Rosemonde.

Bideau and Denis often resemble a skeptic's Laurel and Hardy team. Once, in a snowy forest near Rosemonde's farm-home (where the trio has driven to pursue the investigation), the men yell and posture about the proximity of happiness, and then the comparison, though far from slapstick, becomes wonderfully obvious. These antics aside (including the bit on a tourist bus when the men, faced with a boring Sunday, decide to play a drunk and an outraged citizen in order to unnerve the passengers), the tone of LA SALAMANDRE is laden with somber implications of the draining duel between the will to sustain passion and laughter against the necessity to eat and endure. Tanner is not a dogmatist, so much as implication is not stated, but the process of distraction I saw at work on the characters does make me wonder how they will fare. Tanner has the fine sense to conclude with the trio broken up, for the time being at least, and pursuing separate futures.

Some critics are already beginning to rank Tanner with Eric Rohmer. If they mean "importance" as directors, well, that estimation is so relative I couldn't disagree. Likewise, if they mean each man employs the camera in a conventional manner. And likewise if they mean similarity in character and subject matter, for both Tanner (in this film) and Rohmer (in his Moral Tales) deal with youngish, conscious, questioning people who thrive on disputatious role-playing and a love of gesture (often stylized) and self-conscious self-parody. Both, for me, induce a gauzy, languid good feeling, but Rohmer is heavily verbal with the result that his characters often seem, as models, overly pompous and self-indulgent. Tanner doesn't go in for nearly as much spouting. And in LA SALAMANDRE, at least, he leaves me more alert, more expectant, while Rohmer - who is just as coy and effete as the knee-gambit itself - leaves me feeling pleased but not goaded. Who's to say, though, their films are lovable to distraction.

In your own backyard

By Paula Mathews

THE SCULPTURE HOUSE ART GALLERY is exhibiting thru Sun., Nov. 26, the work of several professional Washington area artists. The exhibit is comprised of mixed media techniques and includes non-objective oils by Sara Morris; painting on plastic by Jerry Balance; metal sculpture by Todd Pendleton; contemporary oils by Ros Schaffer and sculpture in plastic by Ellen Vincent. Sculpture House is located at 4224 Howard Ave., Kensington, Md. and is open Tues. thru Sat. 9 - 5 pm. Sun. 12 Noon - 5 pm and closed Mon. For further information: 942-6057.

KIDS WILL LOVE "Alice in Wonderland" which is being produced by Cricket Stage every Sat. and Sun. at 2 pm thru November. The play, including intermission, will last about an hour and a half and will include cookies and coke served at intermission time. Cricket Stage is located on the premises of the Lazy Susan Inn - 8 minutes south of the Beltway (495) on Route 1, beyond the junction of I-95 (Shirley Highway) in Woodbridge, Va. For further information: 780-4900

DEMONSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN HANDICRAFTS will be shown at Keeping Still gallery for several more weekends thru Dec. 3. Featured will be local artisans Linda Hendricks demonstrating weaving; Bill Nelson and Charlie Miller with jewelry and Alfredo Hajar with pottery on Nov. 25 and 26. On Dec. 2-3 leather techniques will be shown by Sea Dream and pottery will once again be demonstrated by Alfredo Hajar. Keeping Still is located in Bethesda at 4540 Montgomery Ave.

FRANZ BADER GALLERY, INC. is exhibiting the woodcuts of Japanese artist Hiratsuka Un-Ichi thru Dec. 2. Thirty-seven woodcuts are exhibited plus a reserve of 50 more held for personal viewing. The gallery is located at 2124 Pennsylvania Ave. and is open from 10 - 6 pm, Tues. thru Sat.

THEATRE LOBBY at 17 St. Matthews Ct., Washington, is now staging "A Delicate Balance" by Edward Albee, thru Dec. 16. The five-week run will be staged Thurs. thru Sat. at 8:30 pm. Admission is \$2 on Thurs. and Sun., \$2.50 on Fri. and \$3 on Sat. with special rates available for group bookings and students. For reservations call 393-5818.

MICHELSON GALLERY is exhibiting now the work of Richard Schlecht thru Nov. 29. Those familiar with the work of Schlecht will note that a sizeable portion of this exhibit is given to action scenes done in various media including pencil, ink and watercolor. The gallery is located at 707 G St., NW and is open Mon. thru Sat. 9:30 am to 4:30 pm.

OFF CENTER, Center Stage's program of mainstage activities on the Theater's usual dark nights, is now offering three different subscription series which include art films, discussions and/or music programs and experimental theater. Presentations will be held Mon. and Wed. at 8:30 pm at Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave., Baltimore. Tickets may be purchased individually, as a package or by series. Films to be presented include "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" on Nov. 29 followed by "The Loved One" on Jan. 3. Judge Charles E. Moylan will speak on "The Victorian Legacy" and conditioned morality during the run of "Dandy Dick" on Dec. 11. Kicking off the experimental series will be "Christmas Center Stage" on Mon., Dec. 4. For additional information: 664-4225.

THE NICKELODEON, 328 Pennsylvania Ave. SE, a repository of books, periodicals, equipment, technology and materials, offers one of the largest collections of antique photo and movie equipment in the U.S. A most unusual store, The Nickelodeon buys, sells, fixes and processes anything photographic and is of interest to anyone the least curious about photography, motion pictures, legitimate theater and television. For further information, call 547-8531.

LA SALAMANDRE, Cont. from Page 19

smarts which make her seem not so tough as resilient and able to confront what comes. We get few clues from her speech as to how she construes her situation; gestures and tones, fortunately, sustain belief in her character.

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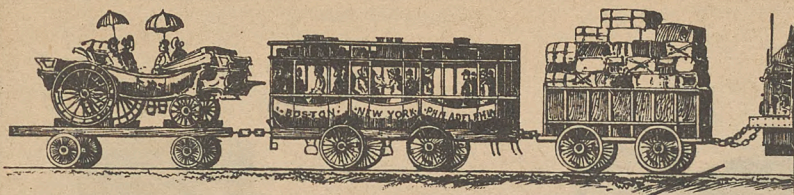
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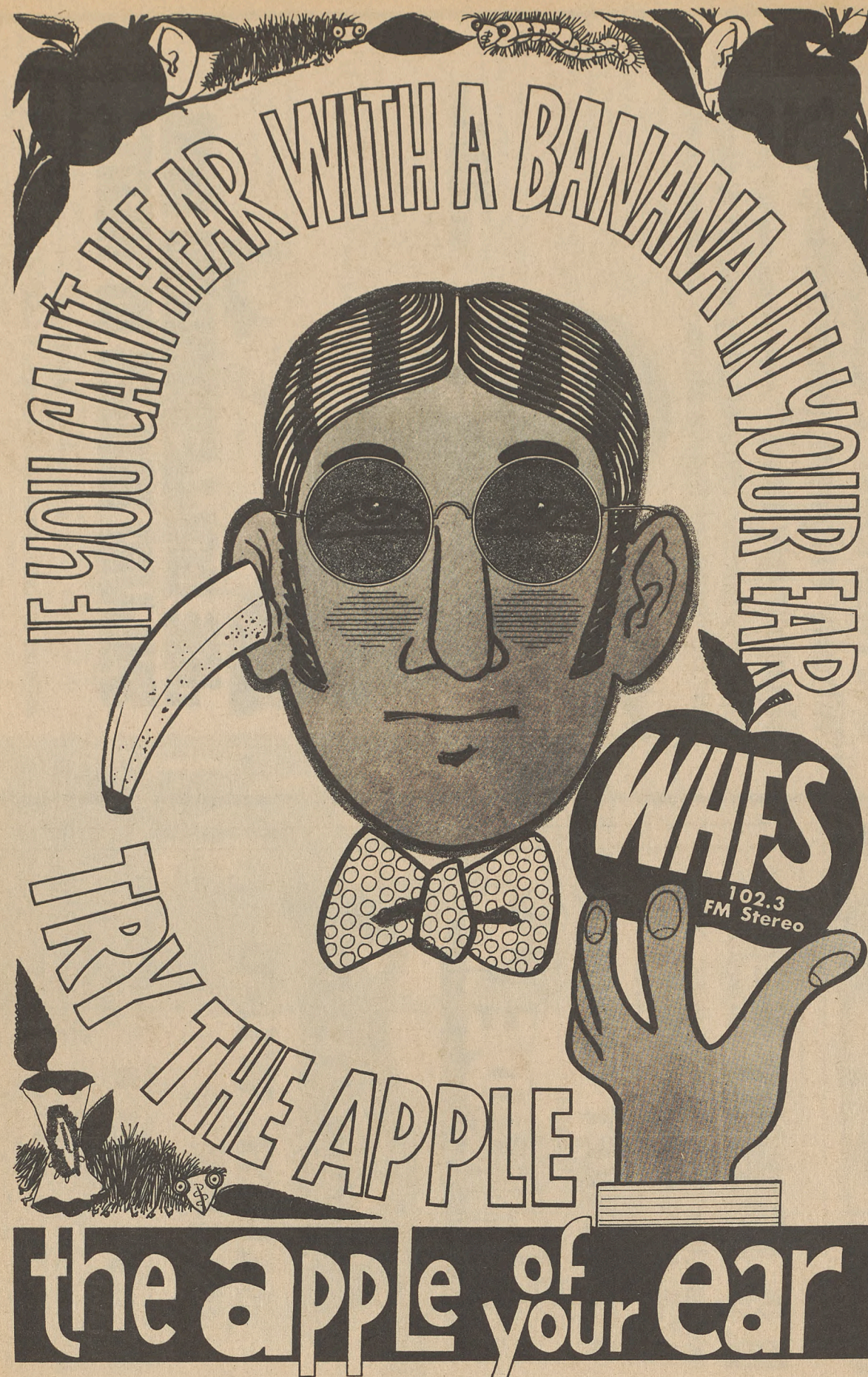
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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21

MUSIC

Tom Rush & Tir Na Nog; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Jeannie C. Riley; Stardust; 843-6233
Mimi Sloan, Shalom Katz & Lon Carey in a Silver Anniversary for
WAVA radio; JFK; 8:15 \$7-\$5; 254-3600
Elton John; Balto. Civic Center; 8 pm; \$6.50 - \$4.50
National Symphony Orchestra; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Folksingers; Brickseller; 9:30; 293-1885

FILMS

Louis Malle's Phantom India; Parts 5-7; Inner Circle Theatre;
337-4476
The Blue Angel & L'Aventura; Biograph; 337-2696
Film as a Political & Social Act; (9 shorts); Nat'l Museum of Nat'l
History; 7 & 9 pm; ticket: students \$1, non-members \$1.25
381-5151
The Jewish Wife & Cortege of Eagles; Enoch Pratt Free Library,
Balto.; 2 pm; (301) 685-6700
Paintings by Hieronymous Bosch; Walters Art Gallery; Balto.; 1 pm
(301) 727-2075

EVENTS

Auditions for The American Revolutionry Raod Co.; Grace Church;
1041 Wisconsin Ave.; 12 - 4 & 7 - 11; 833-9121
Lecture; Lanza Del Vasto - philosopher of peace; Palms Lounge,
G.U.; free
Free class in Prepared Childbirth; Blessed Sacrament School Audi.
5831 Chevy Chase Parkway; 8 pm 322-1555
Paco deAlba- Spanish Flamenco dancer; Don Quixote; 7:30 & 9:30;
588-6354
Lecture- self determination as a Process; Potters House, 1658
Columbia Rd. 8:30; \$1.25
Some Like It Yiddish - musical variety show; JFK; \$7-\$5; 254-3600

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

MUSIC

Tom Rush & Tir Na Nog (see Nov. 21)
Jeannie C. Riley (see Nove. 21)
Beach Boys, DAR Const. Hall; 8:30 & 11:30; 338-5002
Thanksgiving Festival of Gospel Singing; JFK; 8:30; 254-3776
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Donal Leace; Mr. Henry's- Georgetown; 9pm-2am; \$1 cover;
337-4334

FILMS

The Blue Angel & L'Aventura (see Nov 21)
The Seventh Samurai; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
W.C. Fields at his best & Room Service & The Circus; Circle Theater
337-4470

EVENTS

Folkdancing; GWU, Marvin Ctr. Ballroom; 8-10pm; \$.75
People; 6:30; WGTB-FM (90.1); 625-4237
Paco deAlba (see Nov 21)

TURKEY-DAY, NOVEMBER 23

MUSIC

Tom Rush & Tir Na Nog (see Nov 21)
Jeannie C. Riley (see Nov 21)
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Donal Leace (see Nov 22)
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702

FILMS

The Blue Angel & L'Aventura (see nov 21)
Throne of Blood; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
W.C. Fields at his Best; Room Service & The circus; (see Nov. 22)

EVENTS

Israel Nat'l Song Festival 1972; Lyric Theatre; Balto .; 8pm
(301) 539-5293
People (see Nov 22)
Paco de Alba (see Nov 21)
Have A Happy Thanksgiving

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24

MUSIC

Tom Rush & Tir Na Nog (see Nov 21)
Jeannie C. Riley (see Nov 21)
Liz Meyer (see Nov. 23)
Royal Philharmonic; JFK; 8:30; \$8.50 - \$1; 254-3776
Folksingers (see Nov. 21)
David Steinberg & David Bromberg; Painters Mill; 8:30 \$5.50-\$4.50;
(301) 363-0800
Donal Leace (see Nov. 22)

FILMS

Duck Soup & Horse Feathers; Biograph; 333-2696
Samurai, Part I; Cerberus; 337-1311
W.C. Feilds at his Best, Room Service & The Circus (see Nov 22)

EVENTS

Woody Allen & Jim Croce; Shady Grove; 8:30 948-3400
IF Coffeehouse; 1313 NY Ave., NW; 9pm-1am; 543-7729
DC Black Repertoire Co.; Last Colont Theater; 4935 GA Ave. NW
8:30; 291-2877
Lecture - Renaissance Legal History; Folger Shakespeare Librare
8pm free; 546-8877
Paco de Alba (see Nov. 21)
Womens Coffeehouse; 800 21st St, 5th floor lounge; 8-midnight;
free; 676-7378
The Pit, Free From Coffeehouse- entertainers & listners welcome;
2210 F ST NW; 8 pm -?; 785-0723/387-2774

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25

MUSIC

Tom Rush & Tir Na Nog (see Nov 21)
Jeannie C. Riley (see Nov 21)
Liz Meyer (see Nov 23)
The Chambers Bros. & Nomads Phase II; DC Armory;
9 pm; \$5-\$4

Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Donal Leace (see Nov 22)

FILMS

Duck Soup, Horse Feathers (see Nov 24)
Samurai Part II (see Nov 24)
WC Fields, Room Service & The Circus (see Nov 22)

EVENTS

Ballet Theatre Contemporain; Lisner Auditorium, GWU; 8:30
\$6-\$3; 393-4433
DC Black Repertoire Co. (see Nov 24)
Woody Allen & Jim Croce (see Nov 24)
Paco de Alba (see Nov 21)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26

MUSIC

Artur Rubinstein; DAR Const. Hall; \$10-\$3.50; 393-4433
Balto. Symphony Orchestra; Queen Anne Free Arts Auditorium;
Pr. Georges Comm. Coll.; 8pm; \$10(non-students)
Arlington Symphony Benefit Concert; Kenmore Auditorium 3pm
200 S. Carlin Spgs. Rd; \$3 adults, \$1.50 students; JA2-1338
Al Green; Balto. Civ. Ctr.; 8 pm; 685-7282
Liz Meyer & Frineds; The Bong Works; 18th & Belmont; 4-5pm
Hootenanny, Cellar Door; 337-3389
Hootenanny, Brickseller; 293-1885
Coffee Concerts; l'Enfant Theatre; 4pm; \$2

FILMS

Films By Women (series of 4); Nat'l Museum of Hist. & Tech.; 5:30;
\$1 students, \$1.25 non-members 381-5151
Samurai Part III (see Nov 24)
What Price Hollywood (1932) & The Royal Family of Broadway (1930)
JFK; 7:30 785-4600
Little Women: AFI at JFK; 2pm; 785-4600
Duck Soup & Horse Feathers (see Nov 24)

EVENTS

Beryozka Dance Co.; JFK \$8.50-\$1.25; 254-3600
Woody Allen & Jim Croce (see Nov 24)

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27

MUSIC

Shawn Phillips; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Phil Flowers; Stardust; 843-6233
Folksingers (see Nov 21)

FILMS

Virgin Spring & Winter Light; Biograph; 333-2696
Punishment Park; Queen Anne's Fine Arts Auditorium; Pr. Geo. Comm. Co.
7 pm; free; (301) 727-2075
Woody Allen's What's Up Tiger Lily /& I Love You Alice B. Toklas;
Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project; Comm Book Store; 2028 P St. NW
8 pm; 833-8228
Dukla Ukrainina Dance Co. JFK; 8:30; \$6.75-\$4.75; 393-4433
Gay Lib Discussion, Pt I; 6:30 WGTB-FM (90.1)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28

MUSIC

Nat'l Symphony Orchestra; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Shawn Phillips (see Nov 27)
Phil Flowers (see Nov 27)
Elizabeth Schwarts Kopf; Goucher Coll. 8:30 (301)825-3300
Folksingers (see Nov 21)

FILMS

What's Up Tiger Lilly & Alice B. Toklas (see Nov 27)
Winter Light & Virgin String (see Nov 27)
Films by Women (see Nov 26)
Kuroneko; cerberus 3; 337-1311
Andre Maurois & Balzac & Le Peau de Chagrin; Enoch Pratt Free Library
Balto.; 2 pm; (301) 658-6700

EVENTS

Lecture; An American Yoga Revolution 1972 by Swami Lakshmy Devi,
America's first woman swami; Johns Hopkins U., Homewood Campu:
7pm free
Audition for the Playwrights' Theatre of Washington; ASTA facility;
1724 20th Street; 7-10pm; 635-2858

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra (see Nov 28)
Shawn Phillips (see Nov 27)
Phil Flowers (see Nov 27)
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Donal Leace (see Nov 22)

FILMS

Dance Films of the Joffrey Ballet & NY City Ballet, Jewish Comm. Ctr.
Rockville; 2 & 4pm; 881-0100
Virgin Spring & Winter Light (see nov 27)
The Scandalous Adventure of Buraikar; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
Diabolique & The Sleeping Car Murder; Circle; 337-4470
Diary of a Schizophrenic Gilr; Center Stage; Balto; 8:30; (301)685-5020

EVENTS

Folkdancing at GWU (see Nov 22)
Auditions (see Nov 28)
American Yoga Revolution 1972; U of Md, Student Union Bldg.
College Park; 7pm, free
Discussion of Gay Lib (see Nov 27)
People (see Nov 22)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra (see Nov 28)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Nov 23)

Shawn Phillips (see Nov 27)
Phil Flowers (see Nov 27)
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Donal Leace (see Nov 22)

FILMS

The Scandalous Adventures (see Nov 29)
Diabolique & Sleeping Car Murder (see Nov 29)

EVENTS

Lecture - American Yoga Rev., 1972 - Kay Spiritual Life Center, AU
7:15; free
Lecture-The Soviet-American-Cuban triangle, by Dr. James Theberge;
Copley Lounge, GU; 8pm; free
People (see Nov 22)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1

MUSIC

Hungarian State Orchestra; JFK; 8:30; \$8;50-\$4.50; 254-3600
Shawn Phillips (see Nov 27)
Phil Flowers (see Nov 27)
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Jerry Vale; Painters Mill; 8:30; \$6.75-\$5.75; (301) 363-0800
Donal Leace \$2 cover (see Nov 22)

FILMS

Grapes of Wrath & How Green Was My Valley; Circle; 337-4470
Sword of Doom; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
The Conformist; Marvin Ctr. GWU; 7 & 9'30 \$.50; 676-NEWS

EVENTS

If Coffeehouse (see Nov 24)
Lecture; Value Assumptions in Economic Models-Kenneth Boulding;
Gaston Hall, GU; 7pm; free
Pinocchio, Pumpkin Theatre, Coll. of Notre Dame; 3:30; (301)435-0100
Coffeehouse(see Nov 24)
Coffeehouse(see Nov 24)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Nov 26)
Shawn Phillips (see Nov 17)
Phil Flowers (see Nov 27)
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
Nat'l Symph. Orch. - Messiah; JFK; 8:30 \$6.50-\$1.25; 254-3600
Jerry Vale (see Dec. 1)
Donal Leace (see Nov 21)

FILMS

Sword of Doom (see Dec 1)
Grapes of Wrath & How Green Was My Valley (see Dec 1)
Come Back Africa; Biograph; 783-7076
Only Agnels Have Wings; St. John's College, Annapolis; 8pm

EVENTS

IF Coffeehouse (see Nov 24)
Harlem Globetrotters; Cole Filed House; U. of Md; 8pm; \$5-\$3; 454-2121
Pinocchio; 11:30 & 3:30 (see Dec 1)
Betseha Dance Co. from Israel; Towson St. Coll. 8000 York Rd. 8pm
(301) 823-1211

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3

MUSIC

Bread; DAR Const. Hall; 3 & 7; \$6.50 - \$4.50; 338-5992
Hootenanny (see Nov.26)
Lieder & Arias of Nicolae Bretan; Museum of Nat'l Hist; 5'30; 381-5395
Coffee Concerts; l'Enfant Theater (see Nove26)
National Symphony Orchestra (see Dec 2)
Jerry Vale (see Dec 1)
Donal Leace (see Nov 29)

FILMS

8 Film Portraits; Museum of Hist. & Tech. (see Nov 26)
Red Beard; a monument of the good in man; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
David Copperfield; AFI at JFK; 2pm; 785-4600
The Women (personal appearacne by Rosalind Russell); AFI at JFK
7'30; 785-4600
Grapes of Wrath & How Green was my Valley (see Dec 1)
Only Angels Have Wings (see Dec 2)

EVENTS

Auditions (see Nov 28)
Pinocchio (see Dec 1)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4

MUSIC

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Buddy Rich; the Stardust; 843-6233
Folksingers (see Nov 21)
National Symphony Orchestra (see Dec 2)

FILMS

Red Beard (see Dec 3)
Grapes of Wrath & How Green Was My Valley (see Dec. 1)

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project (see Nov 27)
Discussion on Gay Lib PT II (see Nov 27)
Hearings on the Transit Authority's Bus Operations Plans in DC; Dept'l
Auditorium; 13th & Constitution ave.; 7:30
Eleo Pomare Dance Co; JFK; 8pm; \$7-\$3.50; 254-3600



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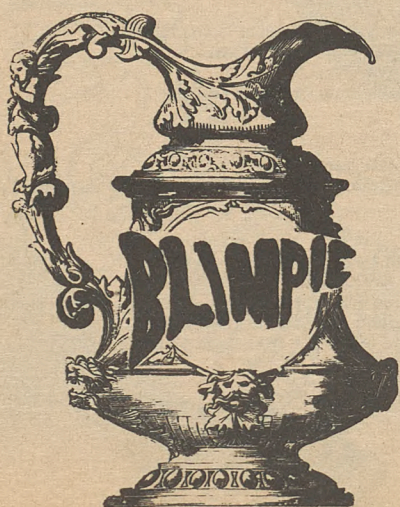
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